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In Memoriam, Richard Frederick Clarke.

10
RICHARD FREDERICK CLARKE, S.J., M.A., late Head of Clarke's Hall, Oxford, whose lamented death in the midst of his labours occurred at York on the 10th September, may well claim notice in our pages. For twelve years, from 1882 to the end of 1893, he was the energetic Editor of THE MONTH, and has been a contributor for thirty years. His last contribution was to our last July number: his first signed contribution was in August, 1870. We deal with his work in THE MONTH in an appended note, also with his labours for the Catholic Truth Society. His death took place unexpectedly as he sat in his chair, with his Breviary in his hand. With much effort he had concluded an eight days retreat to the nuns of St. Mary's Convent, York, on Saturday morning. That day, the feast of the Nativity of our Lady, he said his last Mass. He was ill all Sunday, but rose from his bed to administer Holy Communion. On Monday morning he was better and cheerful, and insisted on rising. His attendant left the room for three minutes, and returned to find him speechless with his eyes fixed. He seemed to recognise the priest who came to anoint him. Immediately upon Extreme Unction he passed away without a struggle. His death came as a grief to his friends, but no surprise to them, nor to him.

The series of Stonhurst Manuals of Philosophy had Father Clarke for their originator and editor. The volume of Logic is of his writing, and is perhaps the most interesting book ever written on that dry subject. The enterprise began in 1884. I well remember the first proposal, in a letter written to me that year on board of an Atlantic liner just entering New York. The air of the great Republic doubtless inspired great ideas, which have proved a great success, won as successes commonly are won with no little trouble to the principal actor. Father Clarke was fond of America, and was well known there by his lectures and writings.

The third great work of his life was the foundation of the Jesuit Hall at Oxford that bears his name. For this purpose he returned to his Alma Mater in 1895, after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, and resided there the last five years of his life. He was a typical Oxonian. A good judge once remarked to me that he had never known any one who had been absent from the University so long, and kept so much of the Oxford manner about him.

Richard Frederick Clarke was a Londoner by birth and schooling. I have in my hands an Autobiography of his early years. He was born 24 January, 1839. Blessed Edmund Campion was born in London on 25 January, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, three hundred years before. Richard was a boy at Merchant Taylors School, where he won a Scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford. He entered at St. John's in 1856, took a First Class in Moderations, and a Second in the Final Schools in 1860. He used to say he might have had a First but for the rowing, of which offence I believe he never repented to the hour of his death. He rowed Number 2 in the University Eight in 1859, the celebrated occasion on which the Cambridge boat was swamped.¹ His oar, decked with blue ribbons, is still kept as a trophy. To the last, when he was in Oxford, he was a devoted frequenter of the tow-path at racing time. Old instincts, it was observed, made him run along with the St. John's boat, which to be sure in these latter days has needed some encouragement. After taking his degree he was for some time an assistant Master at Radley School, 1861-3. He took his M.A. degree in 1864. He received Anglican Orders at the hands of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce,² and was Fellow and Tutor of his College.

Ritualism was not so widely diffused in those days as it is now, and Clarke was never much of a High Churchman. His College duties engaged his chief care and interest. But he preached a sermon once in St. Giles's Church on obedience and inward virtue, and friends told him that he was on his way to Rome. I often heard him say that he felt himself floating out on a sort of tide gradually away from his Anglican position: he felt also that he might, if he would, clutch at things present, and hold himself where he was, but that he never would do.

¹ The *Times* of 11 Sept. in an Obituary notice says ambiguously: "He rowed in the University eight against Cambridge in 1859, when the boat was swamped."

² He tells some incidents of this ordination in *THE MONTH* for February, 1883, pp. 204, 205.

He would never allow any merit of sacrifice in his conversion; all that he would admit was, "I did not resist God." About this time he was offered a salaried office in the University, some sort of pro-proctorial duties, to which was then annexed a preliminary declaration against transubstantiation. This was a difficulty to him. He wrote to Newman. Newman invited him down to Edgbaston, and gave him this advice: "If you still have any doubt about transubstantiation, you may make the declaration, which will mean no more than that you are no believer in the doctrine; if you have no doubt of it, of course you must refuse." Clarke did refuse, and converted the pro-proctorial velvet that he had bought into a waistcoat, which I have seen him wearing at St. Beuno's, where he told me the story. In 1869 he took the step which changed all his fortunes. He was received into the Catholic Church at Farm Street, on 10 July, 1869, by Father Henry Coleridge.¹ Had he cared to go abroad, and be lost to the society of St. John's College for a few months, he might have contrived to retain his fellowship, by benefit of the University Test Act of 1870. Clarke thought it the more honourable course to avow himself a Catholic from the first. Accordingly he left St. John's, and found acceptance at Trinity. "Trinity was never unkind to me," is the immortal sentence of Newman, and has its application to our subject. Richard Clarke's next migration took him further afield, to the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Roehampton, which he entered 15 July, 1871.

My first acquaintance with him was at St. Beuno's Theological College in 1878. The acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship, which I am still unwilling to consider broken. Many a walk and talk we had together about Oxford and particularly about Jowett. I remember an ascent of Moel Siabod from St. Beuno's in the summer of 1877, under somewhat desperate conditions. No one of the party was killed, but, as I write, there are only two survivors, one a missionary Bishop across the seas. I hope he will forgive the vanity of my saying that Clarke and I alone reached the top. Clarke was a graceful and witty debater; no better man at a complimentary speech. In argument I often likened him to Prince Rupert. Impetuous and ardent to the last, he had something of Rupert's fault of

¹ In the light of internal evidence I should ascribe to the new convert a letter, dated 20 July, which appeared in *THE MONTH* for August that year. It is headed, *Catholics and the Oxford Examinations*, and is put down to "a Fellow and Tutor of one of the Colleges at Oxford."

pushing an advantage, once gained, so far as to compromise his victory. In fact he never did anything by halves, and had a tendency to overdo. In later days, when he showed me articles that he meant for periodicals, my cue was promptly to amputate the last sentence. He had great rapidity and ease in composition; as he wrote of Father Coleridge, "the unceasing click click of his typewriter told of his unceasing industry."¹ He was ordained priest by Bishop Hedley at St. Beuno's, on September 22, 1878. Some one seeing him that day with tears of joy in his eyes said to him: "Surely you have had experience of this before?" "Oh no," he replied, "no experience whatever."

In 1879-80 he was in charge of the senior students called 'Philosophers' at Stonyhurst. There on a cold January evening he discovered that one of his men had set the house on fire with a Bunsen burner employed as a foot-warmer. All the man's worldly goods were burnt except a pair of skates; and a large hole in the floor, happily old and solid woodwork, testified to the extent of the danger. From 1880 to 1892 Father Clarke spent most of his time in London. He worked in the Farm Street Church, aided Father Coleridge with *THE MONTH*, and finally succeeded him as Editor. In 1892 he became Head of the newly-developed Jesuit school at Wimbledon. From thence he went to Oxford in 1895 to qualify as a resident Master for the opening of a Private Hall. Oxford was his home for the last five years of his life.

This is not the place for a history of Clarke's Hall, still less for a prophecy of its future. 'Campion Hall' it was called otherwise than in strict University parlance, in honour of the Blessed Martyr and former Fellow of St. John's, Edmund Campion, S.J. The Hall began in September, 1896, with four undergraduates, scholastics of the Society of Jesus, in a small house on the west side of St. Giles'. When the University came up, this latest addition to its components was quite a nine days wonder. A delineation appeared in *Black and White*, the wrong house being selected for the purpose. When the chosen four began going to lectures, they engaged an amount of public attention embarrassing to their modesty. The wonder soon died down. People said these Jesuits were sure to stick to any undertaking they took up; they must be regarded henceforth as an 'inseparable accident' of the University. Dons were kind, Undergraduates were courteous, and Clarke's Hall went its way.

¹ *THE MONTH*, June, 1893.

There is no reliable evidence of Archbishop Laud having been heard to turn in his grave in the chapel of St. John's College. Still it needed no little tact and courage to introduce the Society to the University. Others will think otherwise; but to some of us it seems that Richard Clarke was created and guided by Providence throughout his life to fulfil that mission; and now that it has been in some sort accomplished, he has been taken to his reward. Two of his original four undergraduates have this summer distinguished themselves in the Final Schools, and will come up for their degrees this Michaelmas, the first matured fruit of Clarke's Hall. The little house in which things began was obviously too small for our hopes. Father Clarke set his heart on a venerable and commodious house across the street, advertised to be let. The lease was at last purchased, and the house taken possession of in June, 1897. It has fulfilled all his expectations, except that it is too small, and has to be eked out by an 'annexe.' It is the property of St. John's College; naturally one would prefer a freehold in view of a permanent foundation.

It has been my happiness to reside two years with Father Clarke at Oxford, to converse with him day by day on all sorts of topics, speculative and practical, and to know him and love him as though he had been my elder brother. He was a living realisation of Strafford and Laud's motto, "Thorough." What struck me most about him was this. He was thoroughly and loyally obedient to the Catholic Church and to the Society of Jesus. Into this one service he had thrown all the energy of his enthusiastic nature. Loving Oxford as he did, and anxious to get as many scholastics of the Society as possible to be students there, he was still more anxious for the maintenance of every point of religious life. Often have I heard him say that he would see the Hall closed sooner than that the religious spirit should suffer. His life falls almost exactly into two halves of thirty years each, curiously turning in upon one another at the end, the career of the Oxford Don and the career of the priest of the Society of Jesus. The former is not usually held to be the best preparation for the latter. In particular the society of an Oxford Common Room does not dispose one to submission to authority in religion. Father Clarke was, I know, submissive on high and holy principle; and his obedience did not lack trials. A second characteristic was his tender and bountiful charity to the poor, and to all persons in distress, mental or

bodily. This entailed on him manifold correspondence, and interviews with all sorts of persons. The poor literally beset his door. Many a time have I seen them waiting there, and thought of the blessing upon the Hall that must be drawn down by such charity. He overworked himself to help others. It is now but too evident that had he accorded to himself any of those relaxations from labour which are usually allowed to persons of his position, he might have been spared to us for years. Last, but not least, I should mention the affection which he inspired in the young men of the Society of Jesus, over whom he presided at Clarke's Hall. This affection was bought by no sacrifice of rule or principle, but by a devoted interest in their welfare, by a kindliness, open-heartedness, and generosity, which they best appreciate who have been its objects. It was a training in goodness to live under such a Superior. He was a model at once of an Oxford man and a Jesuit, and proved in his own person the compatibility of the two characters. He knew all the ways of the University, and introduced his men to them, so far as was consistent with their state. He had his people out on the river, and "tubbed" them himself within the first fortnight of their arrival. He made his way with tutors and Heads of Houses, some of them his former contemporaries. Relaxations and amusements in the afternoon succeeded to the prayer and study which had taken up the whole morning, and which was destined to engross much of the evening also. It was hard work, but all was made pleasant by the genial presence of the Master. Sleepiness and increasing weakness, which we all observed in him, were the only drawbacks. Throughout the University he commanded that respect which waits on a man who has the courage of his convictions, and has made sacrifices for them, and still is the right man for his environment. Many poor people in Oxford lament the loss of Father Richard Clarke; many convents of nuns, his Superiors and religious brethren lament him. But none so much as we undergraduates at Clarke's Hall will miss the tall, somewhat stooping figure of the Master; or, as we used to call him, "the dear old Head."

JOSEPH RICKABY.

NOTE.

The *Church Review* of 13 September writes: "As far as English Catholics [Anglicans] are concerned, Father Clarke's chief title to remembrance lies in his devotional books, especially the little books of Meditations for the Christian Seasons, which are so widely used amongst us, and have helped so many in their spiritual life." The "little books" in question are the following, as they stand in the Catalogue of the Catholic Truth Society: The Life and Ministry of Jesus; Maria Magnificata; The Holy Angels; Requiescant in Pace; Resurrexit; The Great Truths; Meditations for Advent; St. Joseph; The Sacred Heart of Jesus; The Precious Blood; The Sacred Passion; The Holy Infancy; The Hidden Life; Veni Sancte Spiritus; Humility.

The following is not an exhaustive list of Father Clarke's contributions to THE MONTH. It may serve to show the activity of the man, and the directions which the interest of his mind took:

- 1870, August. Games of the Ancients.
- 1871, May. On the Pronunciation of Latin.
- 1871, July. Oxford in 1871 (unsigned, but bears marks of his collaboration).
- 1874, February. On Analogy.
- 1875, February. The Apology of Socrates.
- 1875, May. The Ethics of Cremation.
- 1875, December. On Cruelty to Animals in its Moral Aspect.
- 1876, March. The Religion of Rome at the Christian Era.
- 1877, November. The Early History of the Vulgate.
- 1879, 1880. Five Articles on the Perception of the Senses.
- 1881, February. Poisoning the Wells (deals with Dr. Littledale).
- 1881, March. The False Decretals (embodying, I believe, the researches of Father Morris).
- 1881, December. Dr. Lee and the Order of Corporate Reunion.
- 1882. (This year he began as Editor, and tried pictures in THE MONTH; they ended with the year.) Three Articles on Eternal Punishment (suggested by Tennyson's verses on "Despair"); Catholic Loyalty; The Prevalent Phase of Unbelief; The Sources of Agnosticism; The Coryphaeus of Agnosticism (Mr. Herbert Spencer); A Serious Theological Difficulty (raised by Mr. Spencer); Dr. Pusey; Some More Agnostic Fallacies; The Influence of Moral Conduct on Religious Belief.
- 1883-4. Numerous Articles on Ireland and America, which he visited in these years.
- 1885. Chapters on Theology (three Articles dealing with the Fall). Four Articles on Catholics at the English Universities; their titles are:

- I.—Oxford, Past and Present.
- II.—The Special Dangers of Residence at a Protestant University.
- III.—The Position of a Catholic College at Oxford.
- IV.—Examinations and Residence.

Father Clarke, in these Articles, following the lead of Cardinal Manning, strongly deprecates any residence of Catholics at the two Universities. His idea, formed, I think, as early as the date of his conversion (see *THE MONTH* for August, 1869), was that Catholics should enter for the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations, but not reside there, and, of course, go without their degree, as ladies do at present. He had a plan, never published, of a Catholic University College, at Henley-on-Thames. He made too little of the difficulty (or impossibility) of managing such a College. He overlooked the truth which has been well couched in the words that for many men who do not go up to Oxford and Cambridge "the world is their University." The articles are interesting reading, and well enumerate the dangers which, if we will not fly from them, we must face and take precautions against. I do not know how far Father Clarke ever altered the views expressed in these Articles. I think he looked upon them as a danger-signal, opportune at the time, that we might not rush on without preparation. His own Manuals of Philosophy and the better organization of Catholic schools have been part of this preparation.

He closed the year with two Articles on the Brown Scapular and the Sabbatine Bull, which provoked rejoinder.

1887. A Dialogue on the Existence of God (afterwards published separately); Three Articles on Lourdes and its Miracles (followed by two more in 1892).

1889, May. A Past Generation at Oxford, by an old Wykehamist (not the Editor, but embodying what Father Clarke ever felt about the University on its brighter side).

1890. Three Articles on University Education in Ireland; The Salvation Army.

1891, June. In Memoriam, Albany James Christie; Three Articles on the Holy Coat of Treves.

1892. Five Articles on Theosophy and Spiritualism.

1893. The Condition of Unbaptized Children after Death; (June), Recollections of Father Coleridge; (November and December), Father John Morris.

At the end of this year Father Clarke ceased to be Editor.

1896. Canon Gore on Transubstantiation (two Articles).

1900, July. A True Daughter of St. Francis of Sales (Mary Teresa Chappuis). It might have been added, "by a true son of St. Ignatius."

1900, August. The Declaration of the English Church Union.

*Fresh light on our Martyrs from the
Valladolid Manuscript.*

OUR readers have already heard of the discovery of the MS. Annals of the English College at Valladolid, and of the light those Annals have thrown on difficulties that arose between certain English Jesuits and Benedictines in Spain.¹

But to those who love our martyrs these Annals have an interest far deeper and higher, inasmuch as they give us many new and priceless details concerning the lives and deaths of those glorious heroes who had been students at the College of St. Alban.

Day by day we are getting to know our martyrs better, as fresh facts come to light, and forgotten documents are unearthed, and the treasures of English and foreign libraries more carefully examined. And the more we know of them the more we learn to love them. Every fresh fact seems to add a new lustre to their crown, a new title to our reverence. It is undoubtedly too true that many English Catholics are sadly indifferent with regard to these splendid champions of the Faith, but that is rather because, in spite of all our efforts, we have not yet been able to make the story of their lives known far and wide by means of cheap biographies written in a popular and interesting style. But to those who have begun to take an interest in the subject there is none more fascinating or inspiring. What is more calculated to arouse enthusiasm for the ancient faith of England, or zeal for the conversion of our land, than the sight of this great crowd of witnesses who have poured out their sacred blood like water in almost every town throughout the country, from Launceston to Newcastle, from Norwich to Beaumaris, for the honour of Christ and His Vicar, "for God, our Lady, and the Catholic Faith"?

It is, therefore, at once a delight and a duty to reverently

¹ THE MONTH, October, 1898; September, 1899; October, 1899.

gather together all possible details as to these heroic martyrs, and this I trust is sufficient apology for the present article, in which I have tried to give all the Annals tell us of them. I have translated as literally as possible from the original Latin.

I may be excused perhaps if I begin with two Benedictine martyrs, in whom I have long taken a special interest. In my *Life of Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.*,¹ I gave the history not only of that martyr, but also of his friend, Dom Mark Barkworth. Of both these martyrs Father Blackfan, S.J., the writer of those Annals, has something interesting to say. He does not indeed greatly add to our knowledge, but his independent testimony confirms the story as already narrated while adding a few precious details not to be found elsewhere.

Under the year 1601 we have the following account of the martyrdom of Dom Mark Barkworth and of his companion, Father Roger Filcock, S.J. :

This year was specially marked for our College by the illustrious martyrdom of two of its *alumni*, Father Roger Filcock and Mark Barkworth. They had been sent in former years to the English mission-field according to custom, and now at the beginning of this year they were arrested by the wicked pursuivants and cast into different prisons. However, they were brought to trial together, and it was wonderful to see how delighted they were at this unexpected meeting. For they embraced each other with extraordinary affection and mutually consoled each other with the most tender expressions, so that the bystanders were amazed. They had joined, after their return to England, the one the Society of Jesus, the other the sacred family of St. Benedict, out of devotion, and in order that thus they might go into the field the better equipped and prepared. They were both brave as lions, and stood fearlessly at the unjust tribunal. And when in the first place Roger Filcock was asked who he was, he replied with great meekness that he was a Catholic and a priest ordained according to the Roman rite, and that he had come back to his country in order that he might snatch the souls of his countrymen from the jaws of the devil and bring them back into the way of salvation. But the judge cried, "Enough of this; thou thyself wert seduced by the snares of the devil, and thou hast come to entice others into the same errors, and seduce the Queen's subjects, bewitched by these errors, from the obedience they owe her to rebellion and sedition. But she is merciful and gracious, and if thou wilt here publicly crave pardon for thine offences and conform to the religion established in this realm by royal statutes, not only will she pardon thee, but she will enrich thee with

¹ *A Benedictine Martyr in England, being the Life and Times of the Venerable John Roberts, O.S.B.* London: Sands and Co., 1897.

benefices, and raise thee to great honour, and make thee to be notable among the English clergy." But he replied, "I have not offended against the Queen that I should ask pardon of her, and as to religion, if I should please men therein I should not be a disciple of Christ. For in religion we must not follow human opinions, but the revelation of God, who by Christ and His Apostles hath made known to the world with what religious rites He would be worshipped."

The judge began again: "The religion which we follow is the very same which Christ and His Apostles taught to the world, as we have proved article by article from the Scriptures themselves."

"Not at all," replied the martyr of Christ. "The religion which Christ taught has remained up to this day in the world the same and uninjured, having been preserved in the Church by the successors of the Apostles, and it will never be changed [*temperanda*] by any attempts of Hell until the end of time. But your religion was never heard of before the time of Luther, and has been devised and propagated by the lust of wicked men, who were not sent by God, but went out to preach of their own accord, or rather by the inspiration of the devil. And by listening to them you have not received the faith, but you have rather been made mad with unfaith."

On hearing this the wicked judge raged against him with fury, saying, "In vain do we waste time with thee. What dost thou reply to these accusations of treachery and treason of which thou standest accused? Art thou guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the martyr. Yet immediately they pronounced against him that terrible sentence of death, according to the accustomed style of that country.

Then the judge turning to his fellow asked him, "Who art thou?"¹

Father Mark, who was a man of great and dauntless courage, replied, "I am a man and a Catholic."

"I don't doubt that," retorted the judge, "but art thou a priest as thou art accused of being?"

"That is for you to prove, since you bring it as a charge against me." When they urged him to submit himself to a jury according to custom, that the matter might be inquired into, he stoutly refused, saying, "I am unwilling that my blood should be laid to the charge of these simple and ignorant men, who for the most part follow not their own consciences, but merely obey your will. If you find anything worthy of death in me, give sentence yourself, and do not join others with you in this sin."

After this, and a good deal more from the other side, the savage sentence was at last pronounced; whereupon God's martyr burst forth joyously into God's praises. The next day he was carried with his companion to the place of suffering, he dressed in the Benedictine

¹ I keep the *thou* as it is a mark of contempt. Thus Coke used it at Father Henry Garnet's trial.

habit and the other as a Jesuit, which made them more noteworthy in the people's eyes.

So when they came to the destined place, Father Mark, the Benedictine, mounted the ladder first, and having made the sign of the Cross, he said :

"It cannot be doubtful to any of those present, that when this whole island was overwhelmed by Paganism, through the power of the Saxon invaders, and it lay in more than Cimmerian darkness, St. Augustine of the Benedictine family (of which I, though most unworthy, am a son), was sent by St. Gregory the Great with some companions of the same Order, and brought back to the whole kingdom the knowledge of salvation and that new light, which had long been extinguished by the perfidy of the conquerors. And I have entered this realm under the same auspices, in order to revive, as far as lieth in my power, this faith which now for the second time is exiled from the hearts of many. And although of my life-time my efforts have not accomplished all I desired, yet I trust that when I stand in the presence of our Lord my prayers may have some effect. Remember then from whence you have fallen, and be converted to the Shepherd of your souls, for those who now guide you clearly misguide you, having entered by the window to rob and slay, and not being sent by the Prince of Pastors."

When the impious ministers of Satan who were present heard these words, they cried out, "Away with him ; and suffer him not to rage any longer against God's ministers." No sooner said than done : he is turned off the ladder, and in order to show the greater cruelty the rope is immediately cut, and he falls to the ground on his feet. He stands upright, till the executioners rush on him and throw him down on the ground ; then they slowly mutilate him, and begin to open the body with a knife, delaying over it purposely in order that his tortures may be the more cruel, and that they may strike the more dread into his companion, who was a spectator of all that passed. Meanwhile the martyr was earnestly exhorting those present, and invoking with great confidence our Lord Jesus and His Mother Mary. And while the executioners with bloody hands were busy with his bowels, his companion called out to him, "Be of good courage, Father Mark, for the more intense the sufferings, the more glorious will be the crown ; the suffering is but transitory, and the reward, which is now at the doors, will be eternal."

With these and the like words Father Roger encouraged his companion, while he was still alive, but after he had seen him die, he cried, "Pray for me, Blessed Father Mark, to our Lord, whose presence you now enjoy, that I may faithfully run this race."

And the ministers mocked him, saying, "He hears thee forsooth, that traitor there, and he will grant thee aid in due season."

And then, after trying once more in vain to enervate his adamant heart, they made him in his turn mount the ladder. And

at its summit he turned round and spake to the people in these words of St. Paul, from 2 Corinthians, chapter v. :

"For Christ we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us. For Christ, we beseech you, be reconciled to God."

And with these words he began his discourse, showing that from the early morning, that is from the first days of the Church even to that hour, the father of the family sent forth labourers into His vineyard, that is, preachers and doctors into His Church, who should be His ambassadors to the people, and of whom he himself, although most unworthy, was one, praying them that now they would open their eyes. But they commanded that forthwith his mouth should be stopped, and did not suffer him to proceed after this manner; seeing which the Father turned to his prayers, and prayed God for Queen Elizabeth, and for the whole state and realm, that God would open their eyes and touch their hearts, that they might be converted and saved. At the same time he asked the Catholics who were present in that immense crowd to pray for him, and together with him, for he made no account of the prayers of the rest; and at last, saying, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he was cast off the ladder, and they allowed him to hang till he was seen to be dead, being satiated with the cruelty they had shown to his fellow. Afterwards the rope was cut, and they finished the butchery in the same way as they had to his companion. And this is the end of those illustrious martyrs whose glory in Heaven shall never have an end. Many of the people went away touched to the heart, thinking in themselves what kind and manner of men these should be, who so cheerfully and constantly died for their faith; and many of them, as generally happens in such cases, sought after the way of salvation and happily found it.

We have given this very touching account in full, as, indeed, it deserves. Father Blackfan seems to have fallen into a curious error, however, in speaking of the ladder. At Tyburn, a cart was used instead of the ladder which was commonly employed at other places of execution, notably at York. In this way, a number of condemned persons could be hanged at once, and the gallows was a great triangular structure with ample room for several bodies. The fury of the ministers against Dom Mark is explained by his bold language at his trial.¹ In this, as in other features of his glorious martyrdom, the Benedictine bears a singular likeness to the martyrs of the primitive Church.

One remark more. It is specially delightful after reading the depressing accounts of the bickerings and misunderstandings which were taking place at Valladolid at this time between English Benedictines and Jesuits, to read this touching account of the

¹ *A Benedictine Martyr*, pp. 120, 121.

mutual affection of these brave-hearted martyrs, once fellow-students in this same College, and now glories of their respective Orders. It is, indeed, rather at Tyburn than at Valladolid that we shall find at this period the true and normal relations of Jesuits and Benedictines—*amabiles et decori in vita sua, in morte quoque non sunt divisi*.

I will now pass on to the martyrdom of Dom John Roberts, O.S.B., Dec. 10th, 1610:

This year, John Roberts, who was formerly a pupil of this College, but afterwards entered the Order of St. Benedict, long before the disturbances already alluded to, suffered martyrdom. He had been often apprehended by the pursuivants, and in prisons often, but as often gained his release by his own efforts, out of the zeal which consumed him for restoring the wandering sheep to our Lord's fold; and then, free and undaunted, he would hasten through towns and districts, whithersoever the spiritual needs of any one might call him, nor was he heedless of bodily needs, and this charity of his was the cause of the eternal salvation of not a few. And this was specially manifest in the year 1603, when so terrible a plague raged in the City of London that some, deserting their brethren, relations, and friends who had been attacked by the disease, fled away to the hills and country places that they might avoid the contagion of so frightful a pestilence. And when he knew this, he introduced himself into the houses thus deserted, and ministered to the sick whom he found there; yes, and applied to them certain remedies by means of which many were saved from dying of the plague and restored to complete health. And they, greatly marvelling at this charity in a man altogether unknown to them, and whom they had never seen before, looked up to him as a messenger sent from Heaven, and so were more disposed to listen to his teaching as to religion and the ways to gain eternal life. In this way many were fortified with the life-giving sacraments of the Church, and fell asleep in peace, and many who did not die remained faithful Catholics and most devoted friends of this Father.

He then, having been apprehended this year, was kept in closer custody, until he was brought out for trial a little before Christmas.

So, when he was brought to the bar, the first charge they brought against him was that "he had so often broke out of prison and set himself free." But he replied: "I could with more justice free myself than you could hold me a prisoner. For I was sent to do a work which I could not so easily accomplish in prison. Therefore, you ought not to wonder that when I got the chance I freed myself from the fetters in which you had me unjustly confined."

And, when after much else had passed on either side, they offered him that pestiferous oath: "This is truly a pleasantry," quoth God's martyr, "that when you could not hold me fast with material chains,

you should now strive to ensnare me with spiritual ones ; you are not competent judges to exact an oath of me, though I would not hesitate to take it if it could be proved to me either that this oath is lawful in itself or that any profit would accrue to the Catholic Church by my taking it. But what you enjoin me to affirm with an oath is a lie, and no profit would come of it, but rather scandal to the whole Church of England.¹ Obtrude then your oath on those men who care little for their salvation, and prefer pleasures, riches, and the praise of men, to the glory of God and their eternal salvation. I despise and abhor it."

They saw then that they could do nothing with him, and so, after the usual formalities had been gone through, they at last pronounced against him sentence of death, with many additional circumstances calculated to strike terror. And he replied : "All this that you depict with so much detail is, after all, but one death, which all men alike must necessarily endure one day ; to me it will be the more consoling and glorious in that it has to be endured by your sentence made in hatred of the Catholic faith and religion." Having said this, he was removed to prison. And here a great company of his penitents and his spiritual sons awaited him, and many of them watched all night with him ; yea, and Doña Luisa de Carvajal, with the virgins her companions, washed the martyr's feet that night and lavished on him many other charitable services. He joyfully welcomed all who came to him with words full of sweetest consolation, and so that night was passed, partly in prayer, partly in spiritual conversation. And neither the gaolers nor the guards could cast out the visitors within the prison nor hinder those who were keeping vigil at the prison gates, so dense was the crowd and so eager to show the martyr their last tokens of love and respect.

On the following day, he was brought out with another priest to the destined place of execution, and after saying many things for the edification of the people who were there, he joyfully offered himself in sacrifice.

His body, although it was quartered, was not exposed at the city gates, as is usual, but was thrown into a trench not far from the gibbet, together with the bodies of the thieves executed at the time. And Doña Luisa de Carvajal, perceiving this, had it taken out the following night, together with the body of the other priest, and having laid them both in spices, kept them with great reverence, and had them preserved for the devotion of posterity.

I greatly regret that when I wrote the Life of Dom Roberts I had not this very beautiful account before me. Father Blackfan was in London at the time of the martyrdom, and, as he was chaplain to Doña Luisa, was very probably present at the

¹ *Ecclesia Anglicana*, the old name for the Catholic Church in England. Cf. *Magna Charta*.

trial and at that memorable scene at Newgate the night before the martyrdom. The accounts he gives us of the Martyr's charity to the plague-stricken is more detailed than that of any other writer, and his whole account of the Benedictine is full of actuality and colour. We gain a still stronger impression than before of the extraordinary power and fascination exercised by this young monk, of hardly thirty-five years, over the minds and hearts of his contemporaries. This warm and generous tribute is the more remarkable as coming from Father Blackfan, who had had to witness so many troubles in his College, owing to the Benedictine vocations.

I will take the other martyrs in chronological order, though in the Annals the martyrdom is sometimes described under the year in which the martyr was sent on the Mission.

The protomartyr of the College was Father Henry Walpole, S.J., of whom Dr. Jessop has given us so delightful an account in his *One Generation of a Norfolk House*. He suffered April 7th, 1595, at York. We learn nothing new as to this heroic martyr from Father Blackfan. He had been Minister of the College, but was not, of course, educated there.

The first of the students to suffer was Thomas Bensted, of whom we have a very interesting account :

Thomas Bensted was arrested at Lincoln with a companion, and in the month of March this year (1600) was brought up for trial before Judge Glanfield, a most bitter enemy of the Catholics. The said Thomas and his companion were charged together with being priests, and with having been ordained abroad and having returned to England against the laws of the realm to disturb the peace of the Queen's subjects. They defended themselves, saying that they were Catholics, but that it was not proved that they were priests, and that since they considered it such an atrocious crime to be made priest over the seas, they were bound to prove that they really were priests. And there was indeed no evidence or any clear proof of it, nevertheless the judge directed the jury to consider whether they were amenable to the penalties under that statute or not. And they, not being able to find any evidence, nor even any suspicion of the crime imputed to them in the charges and proofs of the indictment which was read to them, returned to the judge and unanimously gave a verdict of "not guilty," whereupon the judge grew furious, and threatened them with all kinds of dreadful things if they did not find them guilty and publicly proclaim them so. So our Thomas, addressing the judge, said : "Worshipful sir, if you judge us to be guilty, pronounce sentence against us yourself, according as your conscience prompts you, and do not bring innocent blood on the heads of these men, who are clearly ignorant both of the law and of the

case in point." "Innocent blood!" said the judge. "Le your blood which you call innocent be on me and on my head!" and immediately he forced those men to retire and consider their verdict once more. What should men of little prudence do, who feared the loss of their goods and other temporal penalties more than the shipwreck of a good conscience, when they saw the threats of a savage judge hanging over their heads? Returning quickly, without any further examination, they brought in a verdict of guilty, and the judge at once added his sentence, allotting to them the death which had been prescribed by the law for men of their character. The servants of God, as they stood before this wicked tribunal, rejoiced with great joy that they were deemed worthy of such a sentence, but the people murmured not a little that the judgment was so hastily concluded.

The next day the martyrs were brought out to execution, and confessed indeed that they were priests ordained according to the Catholic rite. But they insisted that since the judge was bound to give sentence according to what was proven, that which was imputed to them as so enormous a crime ought to be proved. And so, exhorting the people with great vehemence to leave their errors and return to the way of truth, they were turned off the ladder, and having suffered the rest of the penalties which the barbarous cruelty of the laws inflicted on them, joyously took their flight to Heaven.

But the barbarity of this savage judge did not last much longer, for one day, not long afterwards, he was riding for recreation on a quiet cob in the meadows, accompanied only by a groom, when all of a sudden his horse shied violently, as if it had seen a ghost, and threw him.

And although he fell on the soft turf, nevertheless he was found to be dead, a terrible sight, with his skull bent inwards in a dimple or hole, like what is made in a silver vessel that has fallen on something hard. And this rests on the credit of more than a hundred witnesses who flocked together to see it. Thus the blood of those holy martyrs which he had before called down upon himself fell by the just judgment of Almighty God on his most sinful and wicked head, and was pressed down upon him as with a heavy weight.

Thomas Bensted is usually known as Venerable Thomas Hunt. Challoner says he was a Norfolk man, and a priest of the College of Seville. He gives the terrible story of Judge Glanfield's punishment with even more details of horror, taken from Dr. Worthington's book (now exceedingly rare), *Relation of Sixteen Martyrs glorified in England in Twelve Months*, published at Douay in 1601. But Challoner does not tell us that the judge had invoked the blood of the martyrs on his own head, and the point of the story is missing in his account.

It is probable that Bensted, or Benstead, was the martyr's real name. Father Henry Garnet, S.J., in a letter now in the

Archives S.J. at Rome,¹ dated March 11, 1601, calls him Benstead. His fellow-martyr, Thomas Sprott, or Spratt, was born at Schelsmere, near Kendal, the home of several martyrs,² and was a Douay student, ordained in 1596. He desired to be admitted to the Society of Jesus.

The Venerable Thomas Palliser, another student of the Valladolid College, suffered about a month later than the martyrs of Lincoln, *i.e.*, August 9, 1600. We learn of him that he was sent to England in 1596, and that he laboured for three years most indefatigably. He was offered his life if he would go only once to the Protestant service, but he stoutly resisted the temptation, saying, "God forbid that I, who am a Catholic priest, should lend my presence to your sacrilegious rites, so as to seem to communicate with you in a thing so wicked. Do you with me what you will, for this I will never do with you." This courageous reply was received with insults and mockery. He suffered at Durham on a hill still pointed out, just outside the city.

Next comes the martyrdom of Dom Mark Barkworth and Father Filcock, already described. Then in 1603 that of Ven. William Richardson. This I need not quote, as I have given it in full in a recent publication.³ After this, under 1605 (though the true date is April 7, 1606), we have a touching description of the martyrdom of the Ven. Ralph Ashley, S.J., the humble lay-brother who suffered with Father Oldcorne at Worcester. He was never, of course, a student at the College, but he was a servant there, and is therefore justly entitled to have his name placed on its roll of honour.

Towards the end of this year Ralph Ashley, *alias* Sherington, was apprehended and cast into prison. He had served for a long time as a layman in this College, employed in humble duties, and afterwards returning to England, he had so approved himself by his faithful services to the Fathers of the Society that he was admitted by them to the number of their temporal coadjutors. Having been captured with the Father of the Society, whom he served, he was brought to trial with him. And when they had found the Father, whose name was Edward Oldcorne, guilty of high treason and condemned him to death, they accused him of being an accomplice in the same crime, because, though he knew his master to be a Jesuit, who are all proclaimed traitors and

¹ See Foley, *Collectanea*, pp. 964 and 966.

² James Layburne, Ven. James Duckett, and probably Ven. Thomas Somers.

³ *In the Brave Days of Old.* Historical Sketches of the Elizabethan Persecution. Art and Book Company, 1899, p. 187, "Elizabeth's Last Victim."

enemies of the King and realm of England, he had not up to that day betrayed him, but had held fast to him for some years, sharing in his plans. He replied to this: "I never saw anything in him which did not beseech a holy man, and a lover of his King and country. Why, then, would you have me betray him to you? Crimes are commonly denounced to the judges, not sanctity, which prefers to take God for its confidant rather than man, and if it is this you hate, in vain did you expect me to be the minister of this your sin." They replied: "Snarlest thou thus, gallows-rogue, well hast thou been schooled in Jesuit impudence! But now, if thou wilt go to our churches and conform thyself to the King's laws, there is still a chance of pardon for thee, for we do not seek the life of any man." "Excuse me, your lordships, as to this," replied the holy martyr, "for if I do this I shall be found to have thrown away everlasting life; for your conventicles are the assemblies of the wicked, and those who join themselves to them are condemned to death that has no end." Hearing this they raged against him, and after the wonted formalities, pronounced sentence of death on him, which he received with a joyful heart, and gave God thanks that they pronounced him worthy to meet death with his most revered Father. Next day he was brought forth to the place of execution, and after having to witness his Father disembowelled alive, and fearfully tortured before his eyes, he himself mounted the ladder readily and joyfully, and turning to the people, exclaimed: "Who am I that I should attain to this dignity, who am I but a poor unlettered man? Yet I die as a witness for the Catholic religion. The mother who bore me might well think herself blessed, in that her son is to be crowned with so great an honour. But Thou, O Heavenly Father, God of my heart, what didst Thou see in me that Thou hast raised me to so great an honour, and passed over thousands far better than I am? This, O Lord, is of Thine immense mercy, not of my merits. Be Thou blessed for evermore. My soul shall praise Thee as long as I have my being!" The bystanders, astounded at such exultant joy, said, "This is clearly maniacal laughter, for he seems quite raving, and his delirious fancies cause him to give vent to this false joy." "Better would it be to ask God pardon for thy crime," said one of the ministers who were near him, "that so doing thou mayest deserve to find mercy in the sight of His fearful Majesty." He replied: "I acknowledge myself to be a sinner, but it is not for any sin of mine, but in hatred of the faith which I profess, and for the services which I have rendered to this holy martyr, that I am condemned to death, and therefore I have the sure hope that the iniquity of my sin is done away. And this is why I rejoice, this is why I exult, and will exult in God, my Jesus. Rejoice, then, with me, all ye servants of God here present, and help me with your prayers to God, that this my holocaust may be fruitful and acceptable in God's sight."

And thus praying silently for awhile to himself, he was turned off the ladder, and yielded up his soul, for they did not execute on him

any of those things which they are wont to do to the priests. For the sentence passed against him exacted nothing of the kind.

The reason why Ven. Ralph Ashley was not drawn and quartered like the priests, was, of course, because he had not incurred the penalties of high treason, but of felony. It was not an unusual spectacle in this persecution to see a priest and a layman suffering together, the priest as a traitor, for having been ordained abroad and having returned to England, and the layman as a felon for having "assisted" the priest, or for having been "reconciled" by him. The Society of Jesus may well be proud of this lay-brother martyr. He has a worthy companion in the Venerable Thomas Pickering, lay-brother of the Order of St. Benedict.

We now pass on to the year 1607, which was marked by the martyrdom of the Venerable Robert Drury.

This year there fell into the hands of the wicked pursuivants, Robert Drury, a student of this College, famous for learning and piety, who had from the year 1594 stood up against the adversaries of the Faith and manfully resisted them, overthrowing the demon in them, and raising Christ to life in many. His constancy was tried in various ways. For in matters of faith they thought it was not worth the trouble to contend with him, since they knew that in this he could not be shaken. And King James himself was particularly anxious that his name should not bear the stain among Christian princes of having put any one to death on account of his religion. So, first of all, they tried to besmear him with the crime of the Powder Plot. . . . And when he had fully cleared himself of this accusation, the judges insisted that he should take a certain oath which the King and his counsellors had invented, in order that it might be a sort of touch-stone to prove who were faithful subjects and well-wishers of their King and country. And since this oath was novel, and not sufficiently weighed by some, the aforesaid priest asked for a delay of some days, in order to be able more maturely to consider so important a matter, since he desired to be freed from the aspersion of so great a crime, by any means by which he could satisfy the judges. But when that Spanish heroine, Doña Luisa de Carvajal, of whom I have made honourable mention above, heard this news, she hastened to the prison and consoled the confessor of Christ, exhorting him rather to suffer any death than to defile his soul by that impious oath, and informing him, moreover, that a rescript had lately been issued by the Supreme Pontiff, in which he defined that the English Catholics could not with a safe conscience take the oath. The servant of God, strengthened by her exhortations, was so confirmed in mind that when the appointed day for the trial came on, he at once without any faltering replied, "Do with me what you will, I will not

take this oath. I am most ready to swear fidelity, allegiance, and obedience in all that concerns temporal things, and to give whatsoever a Catholic prince can in any way demand of his subject. But I see that in this oath there are some other things implied, to which if I should give assent, I should clearly be found to abjure the authority of the Supreme Pontiff over Christian princes. For I am here ordered to swear that I believe and hold for certain that the Supreme Pontiff can neither of himself nor with a General Council depose a King for any offence whatsoever. And this is clearly contrary to the sacred canons of the Church, and to her practice in all ages."

After they had disputed about this for a long time, finding that they could do nothing with him, they passed on him sentence of death. And when he was brought forth to undergo it on the following day, he excited great compassion in the populace. For he was a man of comely appearance, grave, modest, and ready in speech, and he softened the hearts of his auditors with his extraordinary sweetness, and so he was not suffered to say much. He professed the Catholic faith, and declared himself to be a priest sent to impart to them eternal salvation, and that he was condemned to death for no other cause. But he was answered by the ministers that it was not for this, but because, being a subject of the King, he had refused to swear allegiance to him. To this he replied with great meekness: "It cannot be doubtful to any one, who has the slightest knowledge of the Catholic faith (of which I profess myself a son and a disciple), how very clearly she teaches that obedience is to be rendered to princes, not only from fear, but for conscience sake, as the Apostle teaches us. But as the worship of the true God, and the integrity of His religion, is purposely so mingled with the oath of allegiance, that what the King demands cannot be rendered him, without violating that worship and the integrity of religion, who can have the right to be angry with me if I choose to obey God rather than man? And in sooth, to say what I think, the cunning which appears in this oath that is forced on Catholics, is not unlike that which was employed by Julian the Apostate, who because he grudged the martyr's name to the Christians, tried to persuade the people that he delivered no one over to death on account of religion, by having painted on the same picture his own likeness together with that of Jupiter, and causing this to be taken to those of whose loyalty he pretended to be doubtful. If they venerated it they would at the same time pay honour to Jupiter, and if they refused to do so, they would be carried off to execution as having refused to show bounden reverence to the Emperor. And it is evidently just the same in the matter of this oath." The wicked officials, not being able to endure his freedom of speech, commanded that he should be turned off the ladder, and this was done, the holy martyr repeatedly calling on the holy name of Jesus the while, and many of the bystanders breaking out into lamentations and weeping. He remained thus on the gallows till he expired; for the King was

unwilling to exercise on priests those barbarities which had been customary in the time of the late Queen.

In a curious contemporary tract published in the *Harleian Miscellany*,¹ it is stated that Ven. Robert Drury was a Benedictine, and that he was drawn to the gallows wearing the Benedictine habit. But as this "habit" is described as "a black new stuffe priest's gown or cassock, being buttoned down before by loops and buttons, two and two together, to the very foot," not much credence can be given to the statement. It is certain that he was not a monk, but it is quite possible that he was a Confrater or Oblate of the Benedictine Order, as was the Ven. Matthew Flathers who suffered on St. Benedict's day, 1607-8. As to the oath of allegiance, I have gone into the matter at length elsewhere.² It is sufficient to note here that the martyr was one of those priests who had gone very far in their protestations of allegiance to Queen Elizabeth, and of whose loyalty the Government could have no possible doubt.

The next martyr of the College was the Ven. Thomas Garnet, S.J., who suffered June 25, 1608. He had been sent to England in 1599 in company with the Ven. Mark Barkworth, O.S.B., and "this year he fell into the hands of those who lay in wait for him." Two things hastened his martyrdom, the fact that he had become a Jesuit, and that he was the nephew of Father Henry Garnet, S.J. When his judges cast these things in his teeth, he replied :

"I am of the Society of Jesus, although the most unworthy of all those who fight under this name, and if this is a crime, I confess I am guilty, and I do not want to be pardoned. Nor am I ashamed of my uncle, for he did nothing to be ashamed of, although you traduced him to the people as a most desperate villain, but heaven and earth afterwards gave the most ample testimony to his innocence."

"Thou wert an accomplice in his plans," they retorted. "Thou wert implicated with him in the same crime. What then canst thou say for thyself, why thou shouldst not be condemned by the same sentence as he was?"

"If you are determined," replied the martyr, "to inflict on me the same penalty as on him, as it is sufficiently evident to all that you are, from your mode of procedure, you will not acquit me, notwithstanding anything I can say, even if I prove my innocence by arguments clearer than the day. For your real motive in seeking my

¹ iii. p. 38.

² *A Benedictine Martyr*, pp. 203-208.

blood is not that you suspect me of this crime, of which you cannot discover the slightest trace in the whole of my trial, but hatred of the religion which I profess, and if this is not the case, bring forward one witness, or even one slight conjecture that I am guilty of this crime of which you accuse me, and I will give up the case."

But after attempting in vain to prove this in various ways, at length they pressed him at least to clear himself by taking that oath devised by the King and realm to probe the allegiance of Catholics to his person. But this he steadfastly refused to do, and so sentence of death was pronounced against him, and he was removed from the court exultant and joyous. And when he was brought out for execution on the following day, among other noblemen present there was the Earl of Exeter, son and heir of the great Cecil, and a member of the King's Council of State, and he, taking the Father apart from the crowd, spoke with him at length, but on what subject is not certainly known, whether it were to urge him to take the oath or to fish [*expiscari*] some information out of him. But when the conversation was over, the martyr was brought to the foot of the gibbet, and stripped of his garments, that after being hanged he might the more expeditiously be chopped in pieces. Then, after he had prayed privately for a little while, but was not allowed to speak to the people, he entered on the way trod by the martyrs before him, which he traversed to the infinite edification of all who were present.

In 1610, we have the martyrdom of the Venerable Roger Cadwallader. He was sent to England from Valladolid in 1593, with the Reverend Hugh Bentley. It is said that he was "learned in Greek and Hebrew, and most excellently versed in controversy against the heretics." He fell into the hands of "Doctor Bennet, Pseudo-Bishop of Hereford, a most deadly enemy of the Catholics, who, after tormenting him with the most exquisite tortures, had him brought up for trial on August 26th, 1610." He had already nearly wasted away through the squalor and filth of his prison, and he had to bear at his trial with the insults and mockery of the Bishop. But he received his sentence with the greatest joy, and publicly thanked his judges. At his martyrdom he earnestly exhorted those present to embrace the true faith.

The ministers of Satan, unable to endure this, commanded that his mouth should be stopped, or that he should be at once turned off the ladder, which was done a little later, the holy martyr of God repeating the name of Jesus with great and loving devotion. Nor was the cruelty of the pseudo-bishop satisfied even yet, but he furiously turned the sharp points of his anger and revenge against the martyr's mother and brother, casting them into prison, and confiscating their goods, nor

would he ever have made an end of persecuting them, had not God summoned the wretch from this life to render account at a higher tribunal.

The last martyr mentioned in the Annals is the Venerable John Roberts, O.S.B. (Dec. 10th, 1610), the account of whose martyrdom we have already quoted.

It is greatly to be regretted that Father Blackfan did not continue the Annals beyond the year 1616, when he was made Rector. As will be seen from the above extracts (which, however, are very far from exhausting the interest of the Annals), he has left us a valuable contribution to the history of the martyrs. As Father Pollen has remarked: "The accounts of the martyrs are especially valuable; they seem always, except only in the case of Thomas Garnet, to add some fresh detail to those already before us."

DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

John Forster.

A MAN OF LETTERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL—A REMINISCENCE.

ONE of the most robust, striking, and many-sided characters of his time was John Forster—a rough, uncompromising personage, who shouldered his way to the front until he came to be looked on by all as their guide and friend—and from a struggling newspaper-man emerged into handsome chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields—from thence to a snug house in Montague Square, ending in a handsome stone mansion which he built for himself at Palace Gate, Kensington, with its beautiful library-room at the back and every luxury.

If any one desired to know what Dr. Johnson was like, he could find his reproduction in Forster. There was the same social intolerance—the same “dispersion of humbug”—the loud voice, attuned to a mellifluous softness on occasion, especially with ladies or persons of rank—the love of “talk” in which he assumed the lead—and kept it too—and the contemptuous scorn of what he did not approve. But then all this was backed by admirable training and full knowledge. He was a deeply read, cultivated man, a fine critic, and with all his arrogance, despotism, and rough “ways,” a most interesting, original, delightful person—for those he liked, and whom he made his own. His very “build” and appearance was as that of the redoubtable Doctor; so was his loud and hearty laugh. Woe betide the man on whom he chose to “wipe his shoes” (Browning's phrase), and he could wipe them with a will. He would thus roar you down—it was “*intol-er-able*”—everything was “*in-tol-er-able!*”—it is difficult to describe the fashion in which he rolled forth the syllables—other things were “all Stuff!” “Monstrous!” “Incredible!” “Don't tell me!” Indeed I could find a parallel in the great old Doctor for almost everything he said. Even when there was a smile at his vehemence, he would unconsciously repeat the Doctor's autocratic methods.

Forster had a determined way with him, of forcing an

answer that he wanted—driving you into a corner as it were. A capital illustration of this power occurred to myself. I had sent to a London dealer to supply me with a copy of the two quarto volumes of Garrick's *Life*—"huge armfuls." It was with some surprise that I noted the late owner's name and book-plate, which was that of "John Forster, Esq., Lincoln's Inn Fields." At the moment he had given me Garrick's original MS. correspondence of which he had a score of volumes, and was helping me in many other ways. Now it was a curious coincidence that this one, of all existing copies, should come to me. Next time I saw him I told him of it. He knitted his brows and grew thoughtful—"My copy! Ah! I can account for it! It was one of the volumes I lent to that fellow"—so and so—"he no doubt sold it for drink!"—"Oh, *that* was it," I said rather incautiously. "But *you*," he said sternly, "what did *you* think when you saw my name?—Come now? How did it leave my library?" This was awkward to answer. "I suppose you thought I was in the habit of selling my books? Surely not?" Now this was what I *had* thought. "Come! You must have had some view on the matter—two huge volumes like that are not easily stolen." It was with extraordinary difficulty that I could extricate myself.

Forster's life was indeed a striking and encouraging one for those who believe in the example of "self-made men." His aim was somewhat different to the sensual type, who set themselves to become wealthy, or to have lands or factories. Forster's more moderate aspiration was to reach to the foremost rank of the literary world—and he succeeded. He secured for himself an excellent education, never spared himself for study or work, and never rested till he had built himself that noble mansion at Kensington, of which I have spoken, furnished with books, pictures, and rare things. Here he could, Mæcenas-like, entertain his literary friends of all degrees, with a vast number of other friends and acquaintances, notable in their walks of life. It is astonishing what a vast circle he had and how intimate he was with all. Political men such as Brougham, Guizot, Gladstone, Forster, Cornwall Lewis—(Disraeli he abhorred as much as his friend of Chelsea did, who once asked me—"What is there new about *our Jew Premier?*"), Maclise, Landseer, Frith, and Stanfield, with dozens of other painters: every writer of the day, almost without exception—late or early. With these, such as Anthony Trollope, he was on the friendliest terms

though he did not "grapple them to him with hooks of steel." With the Bar it was the same: he was intimate with the agreeable Cockburn; with Lord Coleridge—then plain Mr. Coleridge—who found a knife and a fork laid for him any day that he chose to drop in—which he did pretty often. The truth was that in any company his marked personality, both physical and mental, his magisterial face and loud decided voice, at once impressed and commanded attention. People felt that they ought to know this personage at once.

It is extraordinary what perseverance and a certain power of will, and that of not being denied, will work in this way. His broad face and cheeks and burly person were not made for rebuffs. He seized on persons he wished to know and made them his own at once. I always thought it was the most characteristic thing known of him in this way, his striding past Bunn, the manager, in his own theatre, taking no notice of him and passing to Macready's room, to confer with him on measures hostile to the said Bunn. As Johnson was said to toss and gore his company, so Forster trampled on them without pity. I remember he had a special dislike to the faithful Wills—Boz's useful henchman. An amusing story was told, that Boz after some meeting to arrange matters with Bradbury and Evans, the printers, was glad to report to Forster some hearty praise by this Wills, of the ability with which he (Forster) had arranged the matters, thus amiably wishing to propitiate the autocrat in his friend's interest. But said the uncompromising Forster—"I am truly sorry, my dear Dickens, that I cannot reciprocate your friend's compliment, for a d—nder ass I never encountered in the whole course of my life!"—a comparative that is novel and will be admired.

It was something to talk to one who had been intimate with Charles Lamb, and of whom he once spoke to me with tears running down his cheeks—"Ah! poor dear Charles Lamb!" The next day he had summoned his faithful clerk, instructing him to look out among his papers—such was his way—for all Lamb letters, which were lent to me. And most interesting they were. In one, Elia calls him "*Fooster*," I fancy, taking off Carlyle's pronunciation.

As a writer and critic Forster held a high, unquestioned place, his work being always received with respect as of one of the masters. He had based his style on the admirable, if somewhat old-fashioned models, had regularly *learned* to write,

which few do now, by studying the older writers—Swift, Addison, and, above all, the classics.

He was glad at first to do "job work," and was employed by Lardner to furnish the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth" to his Encyclopædia. Lardner received from him a conscientious bit of work, but which was rather dry reading, something after the pattern of Dr. Lingard, who was then in fashion. But presently he was writing *con amore*, a book after his own heart, *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith*, in which there is a light, gay touch, somewhat peculiar at times, but still very agreeable. It is a charming book, and graced with exquisite sketches by his friend Maclise. There was a great deal of study and "reading" in it, which engendered an angry controversy with Sir James Prior, a ponderous but painstaking writer, who had collected every scrap that was connected with Goldy. Forster, charged with helping himself to what another had gathered, sternly replied, as if it could not be disputed, that he had merely gone to the same common sources as Prior, and had found what he had found. But this was seasoned with extraordinary abuse of poor Prior, who was held up as an impostor for being so industrious. Nothing better illustrated Forster's way: "The fellow was preposterous—intolerable. I had just as good a right to go to the old Magazines as the fellow had." It was, indeed, a most amusing and characteristic controversy.

Later, Forster lost this agreeable touch, and issued a series of ponderous historical treatises, enlargements of his old "Statesmen." These were dreary things, pedantic, solemn, and heavy. They might have been by the worthy Rollin himself. Such was the *Life of Sir John Eliot*, *The Arrest of the Five Members*, and others. No one had been so intimate with Savage Landor as he had, or admired him more. He had known him for years and was chosen as his literary Executor. With such materials, one might have looked for a lively, vivacious account of this tempestuous personage. But Forster dealt with him in his magisterial way, and furnished a heavy treatise, on critical and historical principles. Everything here is treated according to the strict canons and in judicial fashion. On every poem there was a long and profound criticism of many pages, which I believe was one of his own old essays used again, fitted into the book. The hero is treated as though he were some important historical personage. Everyone knew Landor's

story, his shocking violences, and lack of restraint, his malignity where he disliked. His life was full of painful episodes, but Forster, like Podsnap, would see none of these things; he waved them away with his "monstrous!" "intolerable!" and put them out of existence.

According to him, not a word of the scandals was true. Landor was a noble-hearted man, misjudged, and carried away by his feelings. The pity of it was he could have made of it a most lasting, entertaining book had he brought to it the pleasantly light touch he was later to bring to his account of Dickens. But he took it all too solemnly. Landor's life was full of grotesque scenes, and Forster might have alleviated the harsh views taken of his friend by dealing with him as an impetuous, irresponsible being, amusing even in his delinquencies. Boz gave a far juster view of him in *Boythorn*. In almost the year of his death Forster began another tremendous work, the *Life of Swift*, for which he had been preparing and collecting for many years. No one was so fitted by profound knowledge of the period. He had much valuable MS. material, but the first volume, all he lived to finish, was leaden enough. Of course he was writing with disease weighing him down, with nights that were sleepless and spent in general misery. But even with all allowance, it was a dull and conventional thing.

It has been often noted how a mere trifle will, in an extraordinary way, determine or change the whole course of a life. I can illustrate this by my own case. I was plodding on contentedly at the Bar without getting "no forrarder," with slender meagre prospects, but with a hankering after "writing," when I came to read this *Life of Goldsmith* that I have just been describing, which filled me with admiration. The author was at the moment gathering materials for his *Life of Swift*, when it occurred to me that I might be useful to him in getting up all the local Swiftian relics, traditions, &c. I set to work, obtained them, made the sketches, and sent them to him in a batch. He was supremely grateful, and never forgot the volunteered trifling service. To it I owe a host of literary friends and acquaintance with the "great guns," Dickens, Carlyle, and the rest, and when I ventured to try my prentice pen, it was Forster who took personal charge of the venture. It was long remembered at the *Household Words* Office how he stalked in one morning, stick on shoulder, and laid down a contribution. "And mark you this," he said, sternly, "let it be attended to at once! No

humbug—no returning with a polite circular and all that—see that it is read and duly considered." *That* was the turning-point. To that blunt declaration I owe some forty years of enjoyment and employment, for there is no enjoyment like that of writing—to say nothing of money in abundance.

He once paid a visit to Dublin, when we had many an agreeable expedition to Swift's haunts, which, from the incuriousness of the place at the time, were still existing. We went to Hoey's Court in "The Liberties," a squalid alley, with a few ruined houses, among which was the one in which Swift was born. Thence to St. Patrick's, to Marsh's Library, not then rebuilt, where he turned over with infinite interest Swift's well-noted folios. Then on to Trinity College, where there was much that was curious, to Swift's Hospital, where, from his office in the Lunacy Commission, he was quite at home. He at once characteristically assumed the air of command, introducing himself with grave dignity to the authorities, by-and-bye pointing out matters which might be amended, among others, the bareness of the walls, which were without pictures. In the grounds he received all the confidencies of the unhappy patients and their complaints (one young fellow bitterly appealing to him on the hardship of not being allowed to smoke, while he had a pipe in his mouth at the time). He would pat others on the back and encourage them in quite a professional manner. Of all these Swift localities I had made little vignette drawings in "wash," which greatly pleased him, and were to have been engraved in the book. They are now duly registered, and to be seen in the collection at South Kensington. Poor dear Forster! How happy he was on that "shoemaker's holiday" of his, driving on outside cars (with infinite difficulty holding on), walking the streets, seeing old friends, and delighted with everything. His old friend and class fellow, Whiteside, gave him a dinner to which I attended him, where was the late Dr. Lloyd, the Provost of the College, a learned man, whose works on "Optics" are well known. It was pleasant to note how Forster, like his prototype, the redoubtable Doctor, here "talked for ostentation." "I knew, sir," he might say, "that I was expected to talk, and to talk suitably to my position as a distinguished visitor." And so he did. It was an excellent lesson in conversation to note the calm, quiet way in which, having once assumed the lead, he never let it go. In vain the impetuous Whiteside struck in with

a torrent of words, while the placid Lloyd, more adroitly, strove occasionally to "get in." But Forster held his way with well-rounded periods, and seemed to enjoy entangling his old friend in the consequences of some exuberant exaggeration: "My dear Whiteside, how *can* you say so? Do you not see that by saying such a thing you give yourself away," &c.

Forster, however, more than redeemed himself when he issued his well-known *Life of Dickens*, a work that was a perfect delight to me and to his other friends. For there is the proper lightness of touch.

When he was writing this life, it was amusing to find how sturdily independent he became—trampling on all the scruples of the family, who were naturally anxious that certain incidents should not be too much emphasized. But he was pitiless, nothing would hold him. The "Blacking Bottle episode" could not have been acceptable: but Forster was stern and would not bate a line. So with the young ladies' age, aye, and much more—he "rubbed it in" without scruple. The true reason, by the way, of the uproar raised against "the Life," was that it was too much of a close borough, no one but Boz and his Bear leader being allowed upon the stage. Numbers had their little letters from the great man with many compliments and favours which would look well in print. Many, like Wilkie Collins or Edmund Yates, had a whole collection. I myself had some sixty or seventy. Some of the personages were highly indignant, for were they not characters in the drama? When the family came to publish the collection of letters, Yates, I believe, declined to allow his to be printed, so did Collins, whose Boz letters were sold and published in America.

No doubt the subject inspired. The ever gay and lively Boz, always in spirits, called up many a happy scene, and gave the pen a certain airiness and nimbleness. There is little that is official or magisterial about the volumes. Everything is pleasant and interesting, put together—though there is a crowd of details—with extraordinary art and finish. It furnishes a most truthful and accurate picture of the "inimitable," recognizable in every page. It was only in the third volume, when scared by the persistent clamours of the disappointed and the envious, protesting that there was "too much Forster," that it was virtually a "Life of John Forster, Esq.," that he became of a sudden official and allowed others to come too much on the scene, with much loss of effect. That third volume, which

ought to have been most interesting, is the dull one. We have Boz described as he would be in an encyclopædia, instead of through Forster, acting as his interpreter, and much was lost by this treatment. Considering the homeliness and every-day character of the incidents, it is astonishing how Forster contrived to dignify them. He knew from early training what was valuable and significant and what should be rejected.

A wonderful feature was the extraordinary amount of Dickens' letters that was worked into it. To save time and trouble—this I was told by Mrs. Forster—he would cut out the passages he wanted with a pair of scissors and paste them on his MS. As the portion written on the back was thus lost, the rest became valueless. I can fancy the American collector tearing his hair as he reads of this desecration. But it was a rash act and a terrible loss of money. Each letter might have later been worth say £3 a piece.

It would be difficult to give an idea of Forster's overflowing kindness on the occasion of the coming of friends to town. Perpetual hospitality was the order of the day, and like so many older Londoners he took special delight in hearing accounts of the strange out-of-the-way things a visitor will discover, and with which he will even surprise the resident. He enjoyed what he called "hearing your adventures." I never met any one with so boisterous and enjoying a laugh. Something would tickle him, and like Johnson in Fleet Street he would roar and roar again. Like Diggory, too, the same story or rather *scene*—for like his friend Boz it was the *picture* of some humorous incident that delighted—would set him off again in convulsions. One narrative of my own, a description of the recitation of Poe's *The Bells*; by an actress, in which she simulated the action of pulling the bell for the fire—or for wedding or funeral bells—used to send him into perfect convulsions. And I must say, I myself, who have seen and heard all sorts of truly humorous, and spurious humorous, stories in which the world abounds at the present moment, have never witnessed anything more diverting. The poor lady thought she was doing the thing realistically, while the audience was shrieking with enjoyment. I do not know how many times I was invited to repeat this narrative—somewhat awkward for me, but I was glad always to do what he wished. I recall Browning coming in: and I was called on to rehearse this story, Forster rolling on the sofa in agonies of enjoyment. This will seem trivial and personal, but really it

was characteristic, and pleasant it was to find a man of his sort so natural, and even boyish.

At the head of his table, with a number of agreeable and clever guests around him, Forster was at his best. He seemed altogether changed. Beaming smiles, a gentle, encouraging voice, and a tenderness verging on gallantry to the ladies, took the place of the old, rough fashions. He talked "ostentatiously," he led the talk, told most *à propos* anecdotes of the remarkable men he had met, and was fond of fortifying his own views by adding: "As Gladstone, or Guizot, or Palmerston said to me in this room," &c. But you could not but be struck by the finished shapes in which his sentences ran. There was a weight, a power of illustration and a dramatic colouring that could only have come of long practice. He was gay, sarcastic, humorous, and it was impossible not to recognize that here was a clever man and a man of power.

Forster's ideal of hospitality was not reciprocity, but was bounded by *his* entertaining everybody. Not that he did not enjoy a friendly quiet dinner at your table. Was he on his travels at a strange place? *You* must dine with him at his hotel. In town you must dine with him—he might dine with you. This dining with you must be according to his programme—when he was in the vein and inclined for a social, domestic night—he would let himself out.

Maclise's happy power of realizing character is shown inimitably in the picture of Forster at the reading of *The Christmas Carol*—seated forward in his chair, with a solemn air of grave judgment. There is an air of distrust, or of being on his guard: as who should say "it is fine—very fine, but I hold my opinion in suspense till the close. I am not to be caught as you are—by mere flowers." He was in fact distinct from the rest—all under the influence of emotion. Harness is shown weeping, Jerrold softened, &c. These rooms, as is well known, were Mr. Tulkinghorn's in the novel, and over Forster's head, as he wrote, was the floridly-painted ceiling—after the fashion of Verrio, with the Roman pointing. This was effaced many years ago, but I do not know when.¹

By all his friends Forster was thought of as a sort of permanent bachelor. His configuration and air were entirely

¹ Of late years this picturesque old square has been thrown open to the public, and not long ago I was drawn there, in meditative mood, by the sound of the band playing. I sat down, looking over at the old chambers and reviving these associations.

sued to life in chambers. He was thoroughly literary, his friends were literary. There he gave his dinners. Married life with him was inconceivable. He had lately secured an important official post—that of Secretary to the Lunacy Commissioners, which he gained owing to his useful services when editing the *Examiner*. This necessarily led to the Commissioner-ship, which was worth a good deal more. Now-a-days we do not find the editors of the smaller papers securing such prizes. I remember when he was encouraging me to “push my way”—he illustrated his advice by his own example: “I never let old Brougham go. I came back again and again until I wore him out. I forced ’em to give me this.” I could quite imagine it. Forster was a troublesome customer—“a h’arbitrary cove,” and not to be put off, except for a time. It was an excellent business appointment and he was admitted to be an admirable official.

In one of Dickens’ letters, published by his children, there is a grotesque outburst at some astounding piece of news—an event impending, which seemed to have taken his breath away. It clearly refers to his friend’s marriage. There was not much sentiment in the business—though the bride was a sweet, charming woman, as I have said: too gentle for that tempestuous spirit. She was a widow—“Yes, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow”—widow of Colburn, the publisher, a quiet, little man, who worshipped her. She was well endowed, inheriting much of his property, even to his papers, &c. She had also a most comfortable house in Montague Square, where, as the saying is, Forster had only to move in and “hang up his hat.”

With all his roughness and bluntness Forster had a very soft heart, and was a great appreciator of the sex. He had some little “affairs of the heart,” which, however, led to no result. He was actually engaged to the interesting L. E. L., Letitia Landon, whom he had no doubt pushed well forward in the *Examiner*; for the fair poetess generally contrived to enlist the affections of her editors, as she did those of Jerdan, director of the once powerful *Literary Gazette*. We can see from his memoirs how attracted he was by her. The engagement was broken off, it is believed, through the arts of Dr. Maginn, and it is said that Forster behaved exceedingly well in the transaction. Later he became attached to another charming woman, still alive, and who had several suitors of distinction, but she was not disposed to entrust herself to him.

No one so heartily relished his Forster, his ways and oddities as Boz, albeit the sage was his faithful friend, counsellor, and ally. He had an exquisite sense for touches of character, especially for the little weaknesses so often exhibited by sturdy, boisterous natures. We again recall that disposition of Johnson, with his "bow to an Archbishop," listening with entranced attention to a dull story told by a foreign "diplomatist." "*The ambassador says well,*" would the sage repeat many times, which, as Bozzy tells, became a favourite form in the *côterie* for ironical approbation. There was much of this in our great man, whose voice became of the sweetest and most mellifluous key, as he bent before the peer. "Lord ———," he would add gently, and turning to the company, "has been saying, with much force," &c.

I recall the Guild *fête* down at Knebworth, where Forster was on a visit to its noble owner, Lord Lytton, and was deputed to receive and marshal the guests at the station, an office of dread importance, and large writ over his rather burly person. His face was momentous as he patrolled the platform. I remember coming up to him, but he looked over and beyond me, big with unutterable things. Mentioning this later to Boz, he laughed his cheerful laugh. "Exactly," he cried. "Why, I assure you, Forster would not *see* me!" He was busy pointing out the vehicles, the proper persons to sit in them, according to their dignity. All through that delightful day, as I roamed through the fine old halls, I would encounter him passing by, still in his lofty dream, still controlling all, with a weight of delegated authority on his broad shoulders. Only at the very close did he vouchsafe a few dignified, encouraging words, and then passed on.

There was nothing ill-natured in Boz's relish of these things; he heartily loved him: it was the pure love of fun. Podsnap has many touches of Forster, but the writer dared not let himself go in that character as he would have longed to do. Mr. Podsnap is referred to for his opinion, which he delivers as follows, much flushed and extremely angry: "Don't ask me, I desire to take no part in the discussion of these people's affairs. I abhor the subject. It is an odious subject, an offensive subject *that makes me sick*, and I"—with his favourite right arm flourish which sweeps away everything and settles it for ever, &c. These very words must Forster have used.

It may be thought that Boz would not be so daring as to

introduce his friend into his stories, "under his very nose," as it were, submitting the proofs, &c., with the certainty that the portrait would be recognized. But this, as we know, is the last thing that could have occurred, and the last thing that would have occurred to Forster. It was like enough someone else, but not he. "Mr. Podsnap was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion." "He was quite satisfied. He never could make out why everybody was not quite satisfied, and he felt conscious that he set a brilliant social example in being particularly well satisfied with most things and with himself." "Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence." "I don't want to know about it. I don't desire to discover it." "He had, however, acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in the clearing the world of its difficulties." "As so eminently respectable a man, Mr. Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence intended." These touches any friend of Forster's would recognize.

Forster could be very engaging, and was at his best when enjoying what he called a shoemaker's holiday—that is, when away from town at some watering-place with friends. He was then really delightful, because happy, having left all his solemnities and ways in London.

Forster was a man of many gifts, an admirable hard-working official, thoroughly business-like and industrious. I recall him through all the stages of his connection with the lunacy department as secretary and commissioner and retired commissioner, when he would arrive on "melting days" as it were. But it was as a cultured critic that he was unsurpassed. He was ever "correct," and delivered a judgment that commended itself on the instant—it was given with such weight and persuasion. This correctness of judgment extended to most things, politics, character, literature, and was pleasant to listen to. He was one of the old well-read school, and was never without his edition of Shakespeare—the Globe one—which he took with him on his journeys. He had a way of lightly emphasizing the beauty of a special passage of the Bard's.

Once travelling round with Boz on one of his reading tours we came to Belfast, where the huge Ulster Hall was filled to the door by ardent and enthusiastic Northerners. I recall how we walked round the rather grim town, with its harsh red streets,

the honest workers staring at him hard. We put up at an old-fashioned hotel, the best—the Royal, it was called—where there was much curiosity on the part of the ladies to get sly peeps at the eminent man. They generally contrived to be on the stairs when he emerged. Boz always appeared, even in the streets, somewhat carefully “made up.” There was a good deal of the stage about him. His hat was almost a stage one, the brim was so curled and the nap so shiny. The velvet collar, the blue coat, the heavy gold pin, added to the effect.

It was at this hotel, when the show was over, and our agreeable supper cleared away, that I saw the pleasant Boz lying on the sofa somewhat tired by his exertions, not so much on the boards as in that very room. For he was fond of certain parlour gymnastics, in which he contended with his aide-de-camp Dolby. To my astonishment I used to see him, like his own Quilps’s boy, standing on his head, or trying to do so, on the seat of a chair, his legs to the wall. Neither could sustain themselves for more than a second or two ; but it had a funny look. Well, as I said, he was on his sofa, in a most placid, enjoying frame of mind, laughing with his twinkling eyes, as he often did, squeezing and puckering them up when our talk fell on Forster, whom he was in the vein for enjoying. It had so fallen out that only a few weeks before, Trinity College, Dublin, had invited Forster to receive an honorary degree, a compliment that much gratified him. I was living there at the time, and he came and stayed with me in the best of humours, thoroughly enjoying it all. Boz, learning that I had been with him, insisted on my telling him *everything*, as by instinct he knew that his friend would have been at his best. The scenes we passed through together were indeed of the richest comedy. First I see him in highest spirits trying on a doctor’s scarlet robe, to be had on hire. On this day he did everything in high state in his special “high” manner. Thus he addressed the tailor in rolling periods: “Sir, the University has been good enough to confer a degree on me, and I have come over to receive it. My name is John Forster.” “Certainly, sir.” And my friend was duly invested with the robe. He walked up and down before a pier glass. “Hey, what now? Do you know, my dear friend, I really think I must *buy* this dress. It would do very well to go to Court in, hey?” He indulged his fancy. “Why, I could wear it on many occasions. A most effective dress.” But it was time now to wait on “the senior Bursar,” or

some such functionary. This was one Doctor L——, a rough, even uncouth, old don, who was for the nonce holding a sort of rude class, surrounded by a crowd of "undergrads." Never shall I forget that scene, nor equally shall I ever forget Boz's enjoyment of it. He was literally almost rolling off his sofa at times. Forster went forward with a mixture of gracious dignity and softness, and was beginning, "Doc-tor L——" Here the turbulent boys round him interrupted. "Now see here," said the irate Bursar, "it's no use all talking together. Sir, I can't attend to you now." Again Forster began with a gracious bow. "Doctor L——, I have come over at the invitation of the University, who have been good enough to offer me an honorary degree, and——"

"Now see here," said the doctor, "there's no use talking to me now. I can't attend to ye. All of you come back here in an hour and take the oath—all together mind."

"I merely wished to state, Doctor L——," began the wondering Forster.

"I can't attend to ye now. You must come again," and he was gone.

I was at the back of the room, when my friend joined me, very ruminative and serious. "Very odd, all this," he said, "but I suppose when we *do* come back, it will be all right?"

"Oh, yes, he is noted as an odd man," I said.

"I don't quite understand him, but I suppose it's all right. Well, come along, my dear friend."

After the hour's interval we returned. The next thing I saw from the back was my burly friend in the front row of a number of irreverent youngsters of juvenile age, some of whom close by me were saying, "Who's the stout old bloke; what's he doing here?"

"Now," said the Bursar and senior fellow, "take these Testaments on your hands, all o' ye." And then I saw my venerable friend, for so he looked in comparison, with the two youths sharing his Testament with them. But he was serious. Here was a solemn duty before him.

"Now repeat after me. *Ego*," a shout, "*Joannes, Carolus*," as the case might be, "*juro solemniter*," &c. Forster might have been in church going through a marriage ceremony, so reverently did he repeat the *formula*. The lads were making a joke of it.

It was all through this part of the scene that Boz was so

convulsed on his sofa: for the image of his friend, as he said, in the herd of boys, sharing his book with them, was "too exceedingly funny."

Forster, as I said, was indeed a man of the old fashion of gallantry, making his approaches where he admired *sans cérémonie*, and advancing boldly to capture the fort. I remember a dinner, with a young lady who had a lovely voice, and who sang after the dinner to the general admiration. Forster had never seen her before, but when she was pressed to sing again and again, and refused positively, I was amazed to see Forster triumphantly passing through the crowded room, "the fair" on his arm, he patting one of her small hands which he held in his own! She was flattered immensely and unresisting; the gallant Forster had carried all before him. This was his way; he never would be "second fiddle" anywhere if he could help it. Not a bad principle for any one—if they can manage it.

All this is amusing in the same way as it was amusing to Boz, as a capital illustration of character, genuinely exhibited, and yet it is with the greatest sympathy and affection I recall these things; they were so enjoyable. There was nothing depreciating—no more than there was in Bozzy's record, who so amiably puts forward the pleasant weaknesses of his hero. Though twenty years and more have elapsed since he passed from this London of ours, there is nothing I think of with more pleasure and affection than those far-off scenes in which he figured so large and strong, supplying dramatic action, character, and general enjoyment. The figures of our day seem to me to be small, thin and cardboard-like in comparison.

Boz himself is altogether mixed up with Forster's image, and it is difficult to think of one without recalling the other. In this connection there comes back on me a pleasant comedy scene, in which the former figured, and which, even at this long distance of time, raises a smile. When I had come to town, having taken a house, &c., with a young and pretty wife—Dickens looked on encouragingly; but at times shaking his head humorously—as the too sanguine plans were broached. "Ah, *the little victims play*," he would quote. Early in the venture he good-naturedly came to dine *en famille* with his amiable and interesting sister-in-law. He was in a delightful mood, and seemed to be applying all the points of his own Dora's attempts at housekeeping, with a pleasant slyness—the

more so as the little lady of the house was the very *replica* of that piquant and fascinating heroine. She was destined, alas! to but a short enjoyment of her little rule, but she gained all hearts and sympathies by her very taking ways. Among others the redoubtable John Forster professed to be completely "captured," and was her most obstreperous slave. He, too, was to have been of the party, but was prevented by one of his troublesome chest attacks. Scarcely had Boz entered when he drew out a letter—I see him now standing at the fire—a twinkle in his brilliant eyes. "What *is* coming over Forster," he said, ruminating. "I cannot make him out. Just as I was leaving the house I received this"—and he read aloud—"I can't go out to-day. But mark you this, sir! No tampering, no poaching on *my* grounds—for I won't have it. Recollect *Codlin's the friend, not Short!*" With a wondering look Boz kept repeating in a low voice: "'Codlin's the friend, not Short.' What *can* he mean? What do you make of it?" I knew perfectly: as did also the little lady who stood there smiling and flattered. But it was awkward to explain. His sister-in-law, I fancy, also understood, and possibly Boz himself. But he played with the thing; and it could only be agreed that Forster at times was perfectly "amazing," or "a little off his head."

And what a dinner it was! what an amusing failure, too, as a first attempt. Suddenly, towards the end of dinner, a loud, strange sound was heard, as of falling or rushing waters. It was truly alarming. I ran out and found a full tide streaming down the stairs. The cook in her engrossment had forgotten to turn a cock. "Ah, the little victim's play!" and Boz's eyes twinkled. A loud-voiced cuckoo and quail were sounding their notes, which prompted me to describe a wonderful clock of the kind I had seen, with two trumpeters who issued forth at the hour and gave a prolonged flourish before striking, then retired, their doors closing with a smart clap. This set off Boz in his most humorous vein. He imagined the door sticking fast, or only half-opening, the poor trumpeter behind pushing with his shoulder to get out, then giving a feeble gasping tootle with much "whirring" and internal agonies—then the rest is silence.

On another occasion came Forster himself and lady, for a little family dinner. The same cook would "have in" her husband, "a dear broth of a boy," to assist her. Forster arriving before he was expected—he was ever *more* than punctual—the

tailor rushed up eagerly to admit him, forgetting, however, to put on his coat! As he threw open the door he must have been astonished at Forster's greeting: "No, no, my good friend, I altogether decline to meet you. We are *not* matched in either age, weight, or size." A touch of his pleasant humour and good spirits.

As of course Forster deeply felt the death of his old friend and comrade, the amiable and constant Dickens, he was the great central figure in all the dismal ceremonial that followed. He arranged everything admirably, he was executor with Miss Hogarth, and I could not but think how exactly he reproduced his great prototype, Johnson, in a similar situation. Bozzy describes the activity and fuss of the sage hurrying about with a pen in his hand and dealing with the effects. "We are not here," he said, "to take account of a number of vats, &c., but of the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." So was Forster busy, appraising copyrights, and realizing assets, all which work he performed in a most business-like fashion. The funeral was strictly private, so I was not there, but I went with the crowd to the Abbey to look down into the open grave, with the innumerable flowers heaped round the side. We could see the coffin below and read the inscription. That bequest in the will of the gold watch, to his "trusty friend, John Forster," I always thought admirably summarized the relations of the two friends. I myself received under his will one of his ivory paper-knives, and a paper-weight marked C. D. in golden letters, which was made for him and presented to him by one of the pottery works.

One of the most delightful little dinners I had was an impromptu one at Forster's house—the party being himself, myself, and Boz. The presence of a third, not a stranger, yet not an intimate, prompted both to be more free than had they been *tête à tête*. Boz was what might best be called "gay." His fashion of talk was to present things that happened in a pleasantly humorous light. On this occasion he told us a good deal about a strange being, Chauncey Hare Townshend, from whom I am certain he drew Twemlow in *Our Mutual Friend*. Every look in his sketch reminds me of him. He, too, had a shy shrinking manner, a soft voice, but in his appearance, most of all was Twemlow. He had a rather over-done worship of Dickens, wishing "not to intrude," &c. He was a delicate, unhealthy looking person, rather carefully made up. Boz was specially pleasant this day on an odd bequest of his,

for poor Twemlow had died, and he, Boz, was implored to edit his religious writings—rather a compendium of his religious opinions to be collected from a mass of papers in a trunk. For which service £1,000 was bequeathed. Boz was very humorous on his first despair at being appointed to such an office, then described his hopeless attempts “to make head or tail” of the papers. “Are they worth anything as religious views?” I asked. “Nothing whatever, I should say,” he said, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. “I must only piece them together somehow.” And so he did. I forget under what title, I think *Religious Remains of the late C. H. T.* There was probably some joking on this description. It is fair to say that Boz had to put up with a vast deal of this admiring worship, generally from retiring creatures whom his delicate good-nature would not let him offend. Never shall I forget the spinster lady—a “spinster aunt” of a noble family, who came every night with her bed-chamber candle up to him, to levy her tribute of a kiss, which he good-humouredly accorded *coram publico*, but not without that expressive twinkling of the bright eyes.

Forster's large sincerity was remarkable, as was his generous style, which often carried him to extraordinary lengths. They were such as one would only find in books. I remember once coming to London without giving him due notice, which he always imperatively required to be done. When I went off to his house at Palace Gate, presenting myself about five o'clock, he was delighted to see me, as he always was, but I saw he was very uncomfortable and distressed. “*Why* didn't you tell me,” he said testily; “a day or two ago would have done. But *now*, my dear fellow, *the table's full*—it's impossible.” “What?” I asked, yet not without a suspicion of the truth—for I knew him. “Why, I have a dinner party to-day! De Mussy, the Doctor of the Orleans family, and some others are coming, and here you arrive at this hour. Just look at the clock; I tell you it can't be done.” In vain I protested; I could not though say it was “no matter,” for it was a serious business. “Come with me into the dining-room and you'll see for yourself.” There we went round the table, and “*The table's full*,” he repeated from *Macbeth*. There was something truly original in the implied premise that his friend was bound to have a place at his table, and that the sole dispensing cause to be allowed was absence of space or a physical impossibility. It seems to me that this was a very genuine, if rare, shape of hospitality.

Of all Forster's friends at this time—of course, after Dickens—and he had innumerable ones—his fastest seemed Robert Browning. As every Sunday came round it was a rule that the poet was to dine with him. Many were the engagements his host declined on the score of this standing engagement. "Should be delighted, my dear friend, to go to you, but it is an immemorial custom that every Sunday Robert Browning dines with *me*. Nothing interferes with *that*." Often, indeed, during the week the poet would drop in for a chat or consultation, often when I was there. He was a most agreeable person, without any affectation; while Forster maintained a sort of patriarchal or paternal manner to him, though there was not much difference in their ages. Indeed, on this point Forster well illustrated what has been often said of Mr. Pickwick and his time, that age has been much "put back" since that era. Mr. Pickwick, Wardle, Tupman and Co., are all described as old gentlemen, none of the party being over fifty, but they had to dress up to the part of old gentlemen and with the aid of corpulence, "circular spectacles," &c., conveyed the idea of seventy. Forster in the same way was then not more than forty-five, but had a full-blown official look, and with his grave, solemn utterances, you would have set him down for sixty. Now-a-days men of that age, if in sound order, feel, behave, and dress as men of forty. Your *real* old man does not begin till he is about seventy-five or so. Browning having an acquaintance that was both "extensive and peculiar," could retail much gossip and always brought plenty of news with him: to hear which Forster did seriously incline. The poet, too, had a pleasant flavour of irony or cynicism in his talk, but nothing ill-natured.

What a pleasant Sunday that was when Frederick Chapman, the publisher, invited me and Forster, and Browning, with one or two more, whose names I have forgotten, down to Teddington. It was the close of a sultry summer's day, and we had a cool and enjoyable repast, with many a joke and retailed story. Thus, "I was stopped to-day," said Browning, "by a strange, dilapidated being. Who do you think it was? after a moment, it took the shape of old Harrison Ainsworth." "A strange, dilapidated being," said Forster, musingly, "and the man is alive." Then both fell into reminiscences of grotesque traits, &c. This affectionate intercourse long continued. But alas! this *compulsory* Sunday dining, as the philosopher knows,

was at last a sore strain, and a mistake. It must come to Goldsmith's "travelling over one's mind," with power to travel no farther. Browning, too, had been "found out by Society," was the guest at noble houses, and I suppose became somewhat lofty in his views. No one could scoff so loudly and violently as could Forster, at what is called snobbishness, "toadying the great;" though it was a little weakness of his own, and is indeed everybody's. However, on some recent visit I learned to my astonishment, that a complete breach had taken place between the attached friends, who were now "at daggers drawn," as it is called. The story went as told, I think, by Browning, who would begin: "I grew tired of Forster's *always wiping his shoes on me*." He was fond of telling his friend about "dear, sweet, charming Lady —," &c. Forster, following the exact precedent of Mrs. Prig in the quarrel with her friend—would break into a scornful laugh, and though he did not say "*drat* Lady —," he insisted she was a foolish, empty-headed creature, and that Browning praised her because she had a title. This was taken seriously—and the poet requested that no disparaging remarks would be made on one of his best friends. "Pooh," said Forster, contemptuously. "An old lady of the first water. I am astonished at you," and so on. The other threatened to "hurl something" at his friend's head if he dared to repeat the insinuation. How it ended I cannot say.

Some time elapsed and friends to both sides felt that here was a sort of scandal which must be made up. No one was more eager than Forster. Mutual explanations and apologies were given and all was as before. The liberal Forster, always eager to find "an excuse for the glass," announced a grand reconciliation dinner, to which came a rather notable party—to wit, Thomas Carlyle, Browning and his son, Reverend Whitwell Elwyn, the Editor of *Pope*, and sometime Editor of the *Quarterly*, the young Robert Lytton, myself, and some others whom I have forgotten. What an agreeable banquet it was. Elwyn was made to retell, to Forster's convulsive enjoyment though he had heard it before, a humorous incident of a madman's driving about in a gig with a gun and a companion, who up to that moment *thought* he was sane. The Sage of Chelsea had his smoke as usual, a special churchwarden and a more-special "screw" of tobacco having been carefully sent out for and laid before him. There was something very interesting in this ceremonial. We juniors at the end of the table, Robert Lytton

and myself, both lit a cigar, which brought forth a characteristic lecture from Forster. "I never allow smoking in this room, save on this privileged occasion when my old friend Carlyle honours me. But I do not extend that to you, Robert Lytton, and you, P—— F——. You have taken the matter into your own hands without asking leave or license; as that is so, and the thing is done, there is no more to be said." Here of course we understood that he wished to emphasize the compliment to his friend and make the privilege exclusively his. He would have liked to hear, "May we also smoke?"

Forster's affection for Carlyle and his pride in him was delightful to see. I think he had more reverence for him than for anybody. He really looked on him as an inspired *sage*, and this notion was encouraged by the retired fashion in which he of Chelsea lived, showing himself but rarely.

Browning was seated near his host, but I noticed a sort of affected and strained *empressement* on both sides. Later I heard a loud scoffing laugh from Forster, but the other apparently by a strong effort, repressed himself and made no reply. Alas! as was to be expected, the feud broke out again, and was never healed. Though Browning would at times coldly ask after his old friends.

There was no better dramatic critic than Forster, for he had learned his criticism in the school of Macready and the old comedies. He had a perfect instinct for judging even when not present, and I recollect when Salvini was being set up against Irving, his saying magisterially: "Though I have not seen either Salvini or Mr. Irving, I have a perfect conviction that Salvini is an actor and Mr. Irving is not." He had the finest declamation, was admirable in emphasis, and in bringing out the meaning of a passage, with expressive eye and justly-modulated cadences. I never had a greater treat than on one night, after dining with him, he volunteered to read aloud to us the Kately passages from *Every Man in his Humour*, in which piece at the acted performances he was, I suspect, "the noblest Roman of 'em all." It was a truly fine performance; he brought out the jealousy in the most powerful and yet delicately suggestive fashion. Every emotion, particularly the anticipation of such emotions, was reflected in his mobile features. His voice, deep and sonorous, and at times almost fluty with softness, was under perfect control; he could direct it as he willed. That reading must have called up how many pleasant scenes—the excitement, his

friend, the artists and writers, who all had taken part in the "splendid strolling" as he called it, and now all gone!

He often, however, mistook inferior birds for swans. He once held out to us as a great treat the reading of an unpublished play of his friend Lord Lytton, which was called *Walpole*. All the characters spoke and carried on conversation in hexameters. The effect was ridiculous. A more tedious thing, with its recondite and archaic allusions to Pulteney and other Georgian personages, could not be conceived. The ladies in particular, after a scene or two, soon became weary. He himself lost faith in the business and saw that it was flat, so he soon stopped, but he was mystified at such non-intelligence. There was quite a store of these posthumous pieces of the late dramatist, some of which I read. But most were bad and dreary.

Forster had no doubt some oracular ways which, like Mr. Peter Magnus's in *Pickwick*, "amused his friends very much." Indeed, I have always had a suspicion that something of this same Peter may have been drawn from him. "Dicky" Doyle used to tell of a picnic excursion when Forster was expatiating roundly on the landscape, particularly demanding admiration for "yonder purple cloud." "How dark, how menacing it was." "Why, my dear Forster," cried Doyle, "it's not a cloud at all, but only a piece of slated roof!" Forster disdained to notice the correction, but some minutes later he called to him loudly before the crowd: "See, Doyle! Yonder is *not* a cloud, but a bit of slated roof: there can be no doubt of it." In vain Doyle protested, "Why, I said that to you!" "My dear Doyle," said Forster, sweetly, "it's no more a cloud than I am. I repeat you are mistaken, *it's a bit of slated roof*."

To myself, he was ever kind and good-natured, though I could smile sometimes at his hearty and well-meant patronage. Patronage! it was rather "backing" of his friends ("call you this backing," &c.). Thus, one morning he addressed me with momentous solemnity, "My dear fellow, I have been thinking about you for a long time, and I have come to this conclusion: you *must write a comedy*—I have settled that you can do it. You have powers of drawing character and of writing dialogue. So I have settled, the best thing you can do is to write a comedy." Thus had he given his permission and direction, and I might fall to work with his full approbation. I have no doubt he told others that he had directed that the comedy should be written.

On another day, my Dachshound "Toby" was brought to

see him—he loved and understood dogs. He greatly enjoyed “the poor fellow’s bent legs,” and at last said, with his boisterous laugh, “*Sir Toby!* no longer Toby, my dear friend, he must be *Sir Toby.*” A huge joke with him was when writing down our names in the visitors’ book of some show-house, he insisted on writing: “Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson; Misses Tillotson.” Names out of a novel I had just published.

Forster’s latter days, that is, I suppose, for some seven or eight years, was an appalling state of martyrdom; no words could paint it. It was gout in its most terrible form, that is, on the chest. This malady was due, in the first place, to his early hard life, when rest and hours of sleep were neglected or set at naught. Too good living also was accountable. He loved good cheer and had an excellent taste in wines, fine clarets, &c. Such things were fatal to his complaint. This gout took the shape of an almost eternal cough, which scarcely ever left him. It began invariably with the night and kept him awake, the waters rising on his chest and overpowering him. I have seen him on the following day, lying spent and exhausted on a sofa and struggling to get some snatches of sleep, if he could. But as seven o’clock drew near, a change came. There was a dinner-party, he “pulled himself together,” he began another jovial night and in good spirits. But he could not resist the tempting wines, &c., and of course had his usual “bad” night. Once dining with me, he as usual brought his Vichy bottle with him, and held forth on the necessity of “putting on the new rule,” restraint, &c. He “lectured” us all in a very suitable way, and maintained his restraint during dinner. There was a bottle of good Corton gently warming at the fire, about which he made inquiries, but which now, alas! need not now be opened. When the ladies were gone, he became very pressing on this topic. “My dear —, you must *not* let me be a kill-joy, you must really open the bottle for yourself, why should you deny yourself for me? Nonsense!” But I was inhospitably inflexible. These little touches were Forster all over. One would have given anything to let him have his two or three glasses, but one had to be cruel to be kind. Old Sam Johnson was of the same pattern, and could not resist a dinner-party, even when in serious plight. He certainly precipitated his death by his greed. Such was John Forster—and I think he comes out as a rather striking character.

Alma.

A STUDY FROM SPENSER.

By this we gather that man is lord of nothing but only of his own will, which is Queen and Princess in the kingdom of the soul.—THE VEN. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

IT was evening—the rain no longer falling—the floating, dappled clouds luminous with hidden light, all deeper gloom and darkness gone, a soft, mysterious radiance—radiance which was neither that of dusk or dawn—sweeping the sky, bathing the sleeping, spring-tide world with its translucent waves of opalescent beauty.

A strange and visionary scene; but presently—cloud masses separating—in clearer, brighter splendour, gently sailed to view the pearly moon in mystic haze of glory, gleams of purest light now resting upon tree-tops, full-foliaged elm and scarcely budding oak and ash, grey-green leafage of the willow and young poplar, transparent greenness of the linden; turning to silver pale-purple of the lilac's pointed clusters, whilst, whiter than snow, shone forth the hawthorn's bloom.

Then once again its glory hidden by clouds, the vision passed away, only to re-appear, still coming, going, those waves of silvery light in tremulous, bewildering loveliness transfiguring the blossoming earth.

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven,
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace!

The thought of Spenser was with me this spring evening, Wordsworth's voice re-echoing beneath the fair, illumined sky; and as the moonlight waxed and waned, more clearly than ever before was realized the truthfulness of that sweet imagery.

The truthfulness and yet the sadness; for surely of no poet, great as Spenser, could such comparison be more aptly used—no poet more vividly reflecting, without living, high and vast ideals, more graciously moving through earth-born clouds of

ignorance and error, strange mazes and entanglements of fantasy.

Strange warring powers within the poet's soul ever reveal themselves, strange inconsistencies, love of the noblest and the basest things of life, deep reverence for highest purity, yet passionate appreciation of all sensuous delight, beauty, and charm. Full of a dreamy tenderness, yet also coldly practical, harshly ambitious, guided by worldly policy, unmoved beholding sufferings that should surely move a sterner heart than his to deepest anguish—close following in the steps of ruthlessness and utter inhumanity.¹

Still in the wondrous pageantry of rich and many-imaged verse is found the story of duality and incompleteness, shadow and change, obscuring mist of doubt and lowering earthly passion.

But still the light is there !

Through all the lawlessness and luxury, the conflict and confusion, shines ever something higher, nobler. Pure Christianity breathes forth its wondrous saving power ; and noble principles—wide as the heavens—give strength and grace, supplying form and substance to chaotic wealth of imagery, controlling the intrushing tide of boundless licence, enlightening harsh narrowness of new-made creeds, chastening, subduing the passions' turbulent outpourings.

From greatest masters of religious thought Spenser has drawn his strength and moral power ; and whilst this strength is but a borrowed strength—not practically his—yet still those fair reflections of the truth are full of grace and beauty ; in their light life is transfigured, as it were, and moral virtues dawn upon one bright and living—real existences !

Take his philosophy of love.

The teachings of St. Thomas and Boetius coming through medium of Petrarch and followers of Petrarch, have revealed to him the power of love—its high estate—no earthly, vagrant passion, but reality of heaven. Accomplished love, possession of all goodness, rest in good ; the essence of all highest joy.

With sweetness of an echo—with brightness of the moon's reflected grace—he sings this love, the love which lord of truth and loyalty still lifts itself on golden plumes above the dust

¹ Reference is made here to Spenser's life in Ireland, and especially to that period when he was secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton.

of earth—ever reaching towards highest good—life's holiest empyrean.

Look at last up to that Sovereign light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs
That kindleth love in every godly spright.
Even the love of God. . . .

Again :

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must Him love, and His behests embrace.
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself for thee.

Now in the "Hymnes of Heavenly Beauty," now in the "Faery Queen," this high passion of love is sung, in many a gracious form and image finds embodiment, ever is treated more or less on lines of Catholic theology.

Sometimes the higher and the lower love of life is found contrasted, as in the story of the rose, that rose "which passes as the passing of a day," the rose of sensuous love, blooming in Acrasia's Bower of Bliss, and that other virgin rose so sweetly symbolizing the power of will—the calm control of circumstances and the storms of passion—the rose that crowns—

With heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before God's tribunall !

But perhaps nowhere is more distinctly pictured the will or ruling love of man, than in the gracious form of Alma, fair mistress of the House of Temperance—queen of the soul's white palace—great sovereign of the Castle of Man's body.

Very simply is her story told;¹ yet with what entrancing beauty does she come before us—with what convincing power ; and still watching the calm radiance of the pearly, glimmering moon—emerging from deep darkness of the sombre veiling clouds—an image now seemed dawning of Spenser's fair creation rather than Spenser's self.

Most wonderful uprose the castle of her habitation, so strangely mystically fashioned—

In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair !

¹ *The Faery Queen*, bk. ii. cantos ix. xi.

"Foreby a river in a quiet vale"—through still green country rode again Prince Arthur flower of grace and noblesse, Sir Guyon by his side, whilst in the twilight sky the roseate lingering hues of sunset cast sweet colouring upon the clear, deep waters of the gently-flowing river, where reflected lay the Castle's lordly pinnacles and towers.

All seemed to speak of boundless peace and quietude, when sudden through the stillness broke fierce notes of war, murmurous revolt and wild rebellion—cruel onslaught—thunderous assault—filling earth and heaven with dark unrest, tumultuous misery and passion.

Countless the hosts of enemies besieging that fair, stately castle, involving in strange gloom its peaceful precincts, now sweeping onward like dark, wind-swept floods, now threatening in raging multitudes the advancing knights.

Thickly they swarm as swarms of gnats that rise from fens of Allan—

Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide
Whiles in the air their clust'ring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies.

Swift and keen as blustering blasts of wind that sweep away the noisome, stinging crowds, flash out bright burning blades; and, swift and strong, Prince Arthur hews his way, dispelling the vile rabble rout—the hideous, awful companies, whilst guarded gates fly back at his approach, sweet welcome sounding joyously within the castle walls, its princess issuing forth in all her virgin brightness.

Alma she callèd was; a virgin bright
That had not yet felt cupid's wanton rage;
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to link in marriage:
For she was fair, as fair mote ever be,
And in the flower now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,
That even heaven rejoicèd her sweet face to see.

"Flourishing in all beauty excellent" the castle's queen advances.

Pure and fair is she in her spotless lily robes as the heavenly light which gives her being; full of grace in the sight of Heaven, crowned with a garland of sweet rosiere—the roses of holy love—most lovely and true of all ladies—gracious, wise, and liberal—a maiden queen reigning in simple majesty, adorned

with mystic glowing pearl of purity and holiness—gems to be found but in that—

heavenlie tower
Which God has built for his own blessèd bower !

A King's daughter all glorious within, with her clothing of wrought gold, fit to receive even that most perfect knight—the great and holy Champion of all mankind.

The very name of Alma speaks of love—of what is dearest to us—the love so finely pictured by her sweet presence dwelling untouched, unharmed, though compassed on all sides by darkest dangers—cruellest enemies—for ever seeking what is highest, best, repelling every thought of evil.

Show me what thou truly lovest, show me what thou seekest and strivest for with thy whole heart, when thou hopest to attain to true enjoyment, and thou hast thereby shown me thy life. What thou lovest is what thou livest. This very love is thy life, the root, the seat, the central point of thy being. . . .

Alma embodying this ruling love, the life, the root, the central point of being, reigns nobly in her kingdom ; whilst all powers of soul and body do her obeisance.

Set in the centre of man's sinful earth, she guards the citadel, keeping inviolate the assaulted soul ; fiercely besieged yet still victorious, a prisoner yet living free, untrammelled, "so free and great a Queen and lady that she loveth what she liketh, she abhorreth what she listeth and doth freely of herself whatsoever she pleaseth. . . ."¹

Even her castle speaks of her high office ; in strange, mysterious imagery describing her supremacy, the endless conflict in her fair domains.

The frame thereof seem'd partly circular
And part triangular ; O work divine !
Those two the first and last proportions are ;
The one imperfect, mortal feminine.
Th'other immortal, perfect masculine ;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportion'd equally by seven and nine ;
Nine was the circle set in Heaven's place :
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

The circle, symbol of the soul, speaks rather here of Alma—the soul's highest power set in Heaven's place in holy harmony of love, immortal, perfect, masculine, and in contrasted difference is also shown the triangle, imperfect, mortal, feminine, "that

¹ The Ven. Robert Southwell, S.J.

female evil dwelling in each man's flesh," of which St. Austin speaks, those loves of comfort and despair, the mind which would serve the law of God—the flesh which would serve the law of sin!

What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply
Against the fort of Reason evermore,
To bring the soul into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the frail flesh, relenting to their rage;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts brought into their bondage.
No wretchedness is like to sinful villinage.

Upon her throne the holy steadfast will remains unshaken, undismayed, her servitors are strong and brave, yet still the rebel crew advance; evil things in robes of sorrow assail the monarch's high estate, fearful indeed the thronging enemies!

In overwhelming fashion they surge before one's eyes. Now seeming merely reminiscent, strange embodiment of riot—fierce mob-rising of the hour—hinting at civil war and household conflict:

Vile cative wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All threat'ning death all in strange manner arm'd;
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fire warm'd:
Stern was their look; like wild amazed steers,
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff, upstanding hairs,

Now again all supernatural; creatures that though they bodies seem, yet substance from them fades; idle shadows, hellish fiends, airy spirits! monsters, strange as those of olden times—the primitive materialization of Nature's enmity—the horror dwelling in flood, flame and famine. Strange as the Grendel of *Beowulf*—"came in the murky night the shadow-walker stalking"—strange as the monster's awful mother dwelling grim and greedy in dark, flowing waters; as Homer's river-god vanquished in fierce conflict by Achilles, heaven-born—a torrent's rage substantiated; as Virgil's *Cacus* "more than half a beast" with flaming, ravening mouth, the monster Typhon or the Sphinx.

Like *Antæus*, their leader draws his strength from contact with the earth—from Nature's reservoir of hostile forces—and still the ancient imagery continues, still given point and substance, held in bounds, by mediæval allegory.

In orderly array in rank and file, man's ghostly enemies are seen advancing. Seven deadly sins, loud battering at the castle gates, each bulwark, sense of taste, touch, smell, sight, hearing, sore assailed by corresponding vice—a monstrous rabblement of foul mis-shapen wights:

Lynx-eyed, owl-headed, swiftly moving enemies of sight—lawless lusts, corrupt envies, and covetous aspects. Insidious attacking foes of hearing, snake-like, venomous—

Slanderous Reproaches and foul Infamies,
Leasings, Backbitings, and vain glorious Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Praises, and false Flatteries. . . .

The fiend-like enemies of the sense of smell, headed like "apes dismayed" or "puttocks all in plumes arrayed," many a foolish delight and fond abusion; and still onward pressing viler enemies of taste and touch—

Some mouth'd like greedy ostriches; some faced
Like loathly toads; some fashioned in the waist
Like swine; for so deformed is Luxury
Surfeit, misdiet, and unthrifty waste,
Vain Feasts, and idle Superfluity.

Armèd with darts of sensual delight—most horrible of hue and fierce of force, the awful companies sway to and fro, advancing, now retreating, their Captain at their head, Malæger, gruesomely foreshadowing disease and sin—death and satanic hate.

No longer have we here terrors of flood and flame, Nature's cruel forces clad in monstrous form, but deeper terror of the unseen world, invisible, eternal enmity of Satan and his crew, monstrosity of soul, unending onslaught of the powers of ill.

The House of Temperance, the castle of man's body are we shown assailed through every sense with fierce temptation, whilst ever through the turmoil breathes calm sweetness of the Castle's Queen—the will unconquered—still opening wide her gates of love to her Deliverer.

Love, right love, long proved, at last triumphant, prefigured in her image bright and fair; in her great Champion, the vanquisher, destroyer of her foes, highest good revealed, embodied—binding eternally the enemies of soul and sense—whilst sounds at length the goodly diapase—those harmonies divine heard as of old—

till disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din,

Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, while they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

Who runs may read the allegory ; and ever fairer dawns upon the view the poet's imagery of love—the soul's deep inmost love, the sacred will, reigning supreme, dwelling unharmed in midst of harm, shining with holy, undimmed light amongst the sombre clouds of passionate temptation—made perfect by reception of perfection—raising itself above itself by union with Love divine.

He that has light within his own clear breast, may sit in the centre and enjoy bright day !

In perfect freedom—highest order of true liberty, the will still serves her God, whilst Queen and Princess reigns she in the kingdom of the soul.

No grief is like to sinful villinage—

But in a body which doth freely yield
His parts to Reason's rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the sceptre wield,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a Virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beauty excellent ;
And to her guests doth bounteous banquet dight
Attemp'ed goodly well for health and for delight.

CONSTANCE HOPE.

Studies on the History of Queen Mary Stuart.

DID PAUL IV. GRANT HER THE ENGLISH CROWN?

THE historian, if he would be true to his principles, must describe men and things as they were. But this obligation will not only not impede his studying popular beliefs and legends, it will rather constrain him to do so, for beliefs of this nature, wild and untrue though they may be, are sometimes facts of importance, which have had great and lasting effects on the course of history. The historian of the future, for instance, when he studies the affairs of our days, will have to investigate with care such popular bogies as Clericalism and Semitism, Jesuitry and Masonry. Without a doubt the absurd notions which too often have those names attached to them, are really influential in determining the progress of states and peoples. Such an historian will, we may be sure, find that these traditions are divisible into two classes—some wild and absurd, appealing only to popular prejudice; some specious and plausible, closely corresponding to acknowledged facts, to which by a few masterly turns they give a new complexion. Such are the clever political hits, of which during election times we see so many popular examples.

The historian of the reign of Queen Mary will soon find that the legends about her relations with the Popes tend to run to these two extremes. In a subsequent article I purpose to describe some of the absurdities of the "Great Papal League," which has imposed on so many of our historians. The subject of our present study is one of the second class, a well-imagined political fiction, the plausibility of which has won for it numerous believers.

Like almost all legends, it is found in different authors under various forms. The full form of the story is briefly this—that when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, her accession was disallowed by the reigning Pontiff, and the crown granted to Mary in her stead. A modified, and therefore more probable,

as well as more popular, form of the legend, says nothing of the grant of the English throne to Mary, but expatiates on the haughtiness and rudeness of the Pope in refusing to recognize Queen Elizabeth, and so conveys the idea that that Queen's Protestantism was as much the result of his repulse as of her choice.

The doubts that will arise in our mind concerning a subject like this will, I conceive, resolve themselves into two. We shall want to know first whether the story is, or may be, true; and secondly, if it be not true, how did it arise?

The first question may be summarily answered here in the negative, on the authority of Professor Maitland, who has worked out the subject in the April number of the *English Historical Review*¹ with a thoroughness and clearness that leaves me little or nothing to add, and if anything does remain to be said, it is because he treats the matter so far as it regards Queen Elizabeth and no further, while I desire to include its connection with Queen Mary. A brief statement of Professor Maitland's conclusions may be given at once.

The tradition that Paul IV. met Elizabeth on her accession with uncalled-for asperity and great haughtiness, comes before us with two strong presumptions in its favour. The line of action seems consistent with many other things that are recorded of this zealous but imprudent Pope, and then the story has been asserted, or apologized for, by Catholic and Protestant writers of eminence, such as Cardinal Pallavicino, Rinaldi, von Ranke, Lingard (in his early editions), and others. The tale, I may add, has thrown some scholars, who might have known better, into mild hysterics. Muratori, one of the greatest of Italian historians, a pious man, although an opponent of Papal prerogatives, says that he "turned cold" every time he read it, and thought of the consequences of the Pope's "inopportune unearthing of his odious pretensions."²

But now-a-days the diplomatic archives of all nations are thrown open to public inspection, and it is possible to ascertain with some certainty what the diplomatic relations between different courts really were at any particular date. Professor Maitland has gone to these sources of information, and now sets before us with greater fulness and clearness than has any

¹ Vol. xv. p. 324. *Elizabethan Gleanings II. ; Queen Elizabeth and Paul IV.*

² "Non era il tempo da sfoderar pretensioni rancide," &c. (Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, 1764, vol. x. p. 318)

previous writer¹ the despatches which passed between England and Rome at the time in question.

From his investigations it clearly appears that at the time when the Pope was said to have been brow-beating the Queen of England, he was really behaving towards her with unusual courtesy and moderation. French diplomatists were endeavouring to obtain some pronouncement against her legitimacy, but in vain. The English Ministers were holding out hopes of a solemn embassy to be sent to Rome, and the Papal Ministers were responding with promises of a similar embassy to be then sent to the English Queen. In short, the authentic records of the first relations between Elizabeth and Paul are quite irreconcilable with the complexion put upon them in the story we are discussing.

As to the issue of a Papal sentence in the form of a Bull, declaring Mary to be rightful holder of the English throne—we might indeed use an *a fortiori* argument. If the Pope was not even severe in words, much less would he have taken so very unusual and so very far-reaching a step as the passing of sentence of deprivation. Other insuperable objections will appear, as we proceed, but perhaps the clearest proof that Elizabeth was not an excommunicated or deprived person before formal sentence was passed by Pius V., may be derived from the way in which she is spoken of in all the Papal documents of the next two years, during which so many efforts were made by Papal diplomatists to induce that Queen to accept the Council of Trent. Three briefs were issued, addressed directly to the Queen, giving her the full title of Queen of England. Again, there are numerous letters from Nuncios in France, Spain, and Germany, reporting news, often unfavourable news, of the English Queen, and there are corresponding answers and instructions on the same subject sent back to them from Rome. In all this correspondence Elizabeth is spoken of as Queen without so much as a hint of a past or future excommunication. I have also found in the Vatican several contemporary petitions from Englishmen in Rome, exiles for religion's sake, assuring the Pope that the time for excommunication had now arrived, and begging him to

¹ The original discoverer of the historical error seems to have been Mr. P. H. Howard, of Corby, to whom both Lingard and Tierney (*Dodd's Church History*, iv. *Advertisement*) acknowledge their obligations. Whether he published anything on the subject does not appear. (J. Gillow, *Dictionary of English Catholics*, iv. 441.) Tierney prints Carne's letters from Rome in full. (*Ibid.*)

pass sentence on the Queen and her counsellors. To appreciate the force of this great consensus, it is only necessary to remember that almost all the writers must have known the facts, and that in their private correspondence none of them had any reason for pretending to ignore them. It is clearly impossible to believe that the truth was otherwise than as they described it.

It is therefore indubitable that neither the shorter and more plausible, nor the bolder and more impressive form of the legend can possibly be true, and we may turn to the second branch of our inquiry, and see if any explanation can be found of the origin of these traditions. Two methods of procedure suggest themselves—either we may trace the legend back from the pages of one author to those of another, until we come to its source, or we may follow the facts referred to in the story in their chronological order, and note the forms under which they are recorded, and the colour put upon them by contemporary politicians. It is antecedently most probable that whilst so doing we shall come upon something to show what the origin of the tradition was. If indeed the evidence on the subject were still complete, either process ought to lead us to a satisfactory result, and the first should be the shortest. But as this is far from being the case, we shall have to help ourselves with both methods.

When we attempt to trace the legend backwards we find that none of the writers who repeat it are able to cite an earlier authority than Fra Paolo Sarpi, who wrote a history of the Council of Trent, published in the year 1619, which is full of acrimonious stories against the Popes similar to that before us.¹ Sarpi in this respect was an industrious but not an accurate scandal-monger, and as he gives no references, we cannot be sure that he had any authority at all for what he says, much less appraise his authority at any definite value. It is impossible to give any historical weight to a tradition which does not appear till sixty years after the events referred to, and then only under circumstances which themselves reflect discredit on the narration.²

¹ On Sarpi, see Cesare Cantù, *Gli eretici d'Italia*, 1866, iii. 188.

² The most authoritative origin I can conjecture for Sarpi's story would be, that he borrowed it from some contemporary Venetian news-letter. The Venetian ambassador at Paris told Throckmorton some story about Carne in the following May. (*Foreign Calendar*, 1558-59, n. 789, 8.) This would look as though Carne's name "had got into the newspapers," to use a modern phrase, which does not involve an anachronism, as Venice was then the centre of European journalism. The anti-Papal tone need not surprise us, or make us suggest with Professor Maitland an English origin for the

It is thus evident that there is no short cut to the solution of the problem about the origin of this tradition about Elizabeth and the Popes, and it will be necessary to go to the original documents relating to the events specified, and see what we can infer from them. The first time in which the subject is mentioned in our *Calendars of State Papers* is in a letter from Lord Cobham to Queen Elizabeth, dated December 13th, 1558. He there states that the French envoys, during overtures for peace at Cerkamp (*i.e.*, before December 1st), had let it be known that they were appealing to Rome "to disprove the right" of Elizabeth. He therefore urged her "to suborn" an agent, and send him to the Pope, in order to watch over English interests. About the same time, similar advice was given by Richard Goodrich,¹ and acted upon very shortly after by Cecil, who, on December 20th, gave some orders to Carne, which that experienced ambassador understood in a sense exactly corresponding with the sense in which Cobham and Goodrich had desired that the orders addressed to him should be drafted.²

Meantime, the French were continuing their intrigue to obtain support at Rome for Mary's rights of succession to the English crown. How far and how seriously they pushed their pretensions does not appear, and reasons will be brought later which may incline us to believe that their attempts were assumed to be more serious than they presumably were. But of the fact there are many witnesses—Lord Cobham has been already mentioned. Carne sent the same news from Rome in December, and it was confirmed through Spanish sources by Granvelle in the following March.³ But all these authorities also inform us, explicitly or implicitly, that the French could (till March, at least) "obtain nothing against her."

In England, however, the Reformation was daily making

story. Venetians were prone to take up stories adverse to the temporal claims of Popes.

On the other hand, there is no mention of it in the collection of contemporary Venetian *Avvisi*, now in the Vatican Library (*Urbino*, 1039, f. 18), nor in the Venetian annalist Roseo, the continuator of Tarcagnola, *Delle Historie del Mondo* (1562), nor in the Florentine annalist G. B. Adriani, *Istoria dei suoi tempi* (1583).

¹ Quoted by Professor Maitland, *English Historical Review*, *ut supra*, p. 326.

² Neither the official letter of December 20th, nor Carne's answer, are extant, but there is an abstract of the latter in the Cottonian MSS. Cal. B. ix. 208. "1559, 16 Feb. From Rome. French cannot yett obtayn ther desiayr of the Pop against hir Majesty. A Nuntio intended for England, but stayeth until the Q. first sendeth to the Pop, according to the messag I had delivered by the Q. direction by her letters 20 Decimb." The number, 20, is a correction.

³ *Foreign Calendar*, 1558-9, nn. 160, 161, 373 (5).

further progress, and Elizabeth's Government, on February 4th, sent Carne a licence to return, "in consyderacion there is no further cause why he shuld make any further abode there."¹ The letter was received by him on the 10th of March following, and he immediately began preparations for his journey, when he was told that he must not depart without the Pope's permission, which there was small chance of his obtaining, now that Elizabeth's duplicity and heresy were becoming obvious. Poor Carne was in a dilemma. If he stole away he might very possibly have been caught and immured in the Inquisition as a favourer of heretics; if he stayed on, Elizabeth might confiscate his goods as an adherent of Popery, and ruin his family. As we peruse his letters, we think that we read between the lines the expressions of his anxiety not to give unnecessary offence to either party.² On April 1st, Carne writes that the Pope was informed that "the English Queen and the realm had revolted from his obedience." On April 3rd, he adds that the French "obtained somewhat of their purpose, but in what particular he cannot learn."

Having regard to circumstances of time and place, it seems most probable that this "somewhat of their purpose," which the French now obtained against England, is precisely that for which we are seeking, the grain of truth out of which the legend was evolved. Unfortunately, however, we must add that, like Carne, we also "cannot learn in what particular" it consisted. Carne's words show us this, that the Pope was now averse to Elizabeth, and that he had publicly manifested that aversion. In what way he did so we do not know. As long as he lived he never bound himself to any line of action whatever in her regard.

The obvious source to which we should look for information on this point is contemporary French diplomatic correspondence. This has been consulted by a very large number of scholars, De Thou, Le Labreur, and Ribier in earlier times; A. Teulet, Le Croze, De Ruble, Henry and Loriquet, L. Paris, De Bouillé, A. Chéruel, H. de la Ferrière, A. Braschet, and many others in this century have studied, edited, and described with conspicuous ability and insight the papers which might have contained references to our subject, and yet they have found

¹ *Acts of Privy Council*, vii. 50; *Foreign Calendar*, 1558-59, n. 474.

² The Pope finally gave him the then half-deserted English Hospice to live in, but the grant was revoked April 24th, 1560, and he died January 20th, 1561. His beautiful monument still stands in San Gregorio.

nothing to tell us about it. It is incredible that so important a transaction as the transference of the English crown to Mary, which could not have been concluded without a considerable correspondence, should have lapsed from the sight of so many inquirers without leaving a trace of its former presence. I have myself examined a large collection of letters of the French Ambassador in Rome, the Bishop of Angoulême, which covered the period in question, but I did not meet with any reference to this alleged Bull of deprivation.¹

We may indeed regret that, in spite of all the light that has been thrown on the French diplomacy of this time, we should still remain in ignorance of many particulars. But this is the inevitable result of the want of a uniform method among the historians. They frequently miss minor details, while they record greater events again and again. That they should say nothing of so important a fact as the alleged deprivation, amounts almost to a demonstration of its non-existence. But the argument from their common silence is not weakened by a similar silence about the much less important "somewhat," which the legend appears to have mistaken for the solemn deprivation.

Professor Maitland seems inclined to conclude, as Father Stevenson did before him, that in reality the French diplomacy did not aim at anything further than to impede the alliance, and the probable marriage between Elizabeth and King Philip. De Thou quotes an instruction sent by King Henry to his ambassador in Rome, in which he is ordered to endeavour to attain that object.² That being the most authentic information we possess about King Henry's purposes in Elizabeth's regard, we shall recognize the plausibility of the conjecture that the measures urged by the French were really far less hostile than rumours and fears represented them as being. That there was plenty of talk in Rome at this time about Mary's rights, talk both serious and gossipy, talk enough to have started many traditions such as ours, is what no one who knows Rome will doubt. The question is, what did the Pope really do, and on every side the evidence points to the same conclusion, that he did nothing at all. This is further confirmed by the subsequent correspondence of King Philip of Spain on the same subject.

¹ Turin, Archivio di Stato, *Raccolta Balbo Seniore*, n. 276.

² *English History Review*, p. 327; J. A. Thuani, *Historia*, vol. i. p. 624; *Foreign Calendar*, 1559-60, Introd. cx.

It will be remembered that the date of the crisis in the negotiation was somewhere in the second half of March, 1559. News of this would have reached Flanders at a corresponding time in the April following. Philip, who was then nervously anxious about England, and firmly convinced that France would conquer it unless he stood its firm friend, was very perturbed by the possibility of the Pope making any declaration against Elizabeth. Canobio, the Papal Nuncio at his Court, wrote home on April 24th to inform the Holy See of Philip's frame of mind.¹ The same day Philip himself informed his ambassador in England that he had "approached His Holiness, . . . asking him not to make any change," and telling him "of the hopes still entertained of an amendment." De Feria, on the 29th of the same month, answers Philip that he has told Elizabeth that it was only due to his (Philip's) intercession that the Pope had not actually deprived her of her realm as the King of Navarre had been deprived. Elizabeth afterwards thanked Philip for having helped her when the French desired her excommunication.²

In spite of Philip's warnings, the English Queen was not to be kept back. In August war with France was more threatening than ever, and the reasons why the Pope should proceed against the Queen became stronger and stronger. Philip's fears increased. He wrote (August 22nd) a long and remarkable letter to his clerical ambassador in Rome, Cardinal Pacheco, in which he ordered him to employ all his diligence to prevent the Pope from proceeding against her. If, however, it should be impossible to prevent this, then he was to press him to grant the investiture of the kingdom not to France (*i.e.*, to Mary), but to no other than himself, "as *you* have pointed out to him, that he should deign to do."³ Any one who will read the account given by the French ambassador at Rome of his transactions with the Pope during that time,⁴ will at once perceive how utterly groundless Philip's fears really were. But so strange a mind was Philip's on all questions where his own interests were concerned, that after the course of a year or two he had come to regard the whole matter from a new point of

¹ Vatican Archives, *Lettere di Principi*, xi. 307.

² *Spanish Calendar*, p. 62; *Foreign Calendar*, 1559-60, n. 629 (2).

³ "Como os lo havia apuntado, que holgaria de hacerlo." (Mignet, *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, 1854, 402.)

⁴ G. Ribier, *Lettres et Mémoires*, ii. 811.

view. Under the next Pope the question of course arose again whether Elizabeth should be excommunicated or not, and Philip once more (July 16th, 1561) wrote to his ambassador, Vargas, to endeavour to stay proceedings, mentioning amongst other things that the last Pope had "*desired to proceed against her immediately, to deprive her of the kingdom, and to give us the investiture. . . . But much as I esteemed his good pleasure, I then sent to beg him not to deprive her, . . . and set before him such reasons that he let the matter drop,*" &c.¹

From all this it would seem to follow that Philip had nothing else to reckon upon except the Pope's inclinations and intentions, and it also seems that the Pontiff's liberty remained until the end unfettered by any formal pledges or promises. We are thus furnished with a fresh reason for the surmise that the "somewhat," of which Carne wrote, was at most a verbal declaration of the Pope's aversion to Elizabeth.

Long before the date of the last quoted letter every one would perhaps have forgotten all about the abortive French negotiations, if it had not suited Cecil's interest to bring them anew into prominence. The perpetual rivalry between France and England had been embittered by a generation of war, and the unscrupulous leaders of both sides were perpetually on the watch to seize any occasion that might offer of securing some advantage over their rivals. It will not, therefore, surprise us to find that while Cecil was treating for peace with France and making great professions of amity, his subordinate, Sir Henry Percy, was undermining French influence in Scotland by suggesting to the Duke of Chatelherault, "what injury he was like to receive for his title to the crown," by Mary's French marriage, and that it "were a goodly matter" to "be clearly out of subjection to France."² The Duke dallied with the suggestion without embracing it, but his son, the Earl of Arran, and other bolder reforming spirits, were less scrupulous. In May the rebellion came to a head, but it was evident ere long that it would not succeed without English aid.

Yet Cecil, much as he desired to give that aid, found many difficulties in his way. Elizabeth ever honestly shrank from favouring rebels against their natural princes, and it was still indispensably necessary to maintain the alliance with Philip, who was deeply averse to a war of which the first object was

¹ Mignet, *ut supra*, p. 404.

² Keith, *History of Church and State in Scotland*, 1844, i. 366.

in reality the triumph of Protestantism. It was therefore necessary, at least in public, to make the utmost of the hostility of the French, and to say as little as possible about the motives of religion. Under these circumstances Cecil found it convenient rather to exaggerate than to minimize the dealings of the French with the Pope. Elizabeth was irreconcilable towards those who made reference to the misfortune of her birth, Philip would be irritated by the bold pretensions of the French, and the Protestants would not fail to conclude that the Pope had somehow given gross offence.

Among Cecil's surviving papers there remain two sets of notes in which he makes use of this story as an argument for war with France. In the shorter form he states that "the French evil meaning towards England" was proved by "their practices at Rome for Bulls." In the fuller notes he says: "What means they made at Rome to have the Queen's Majesty to be declared illegitimate is manifest, and so, as it is known, that the same sentence is brought into France under the Pope's Bull."¹ We notice that the traditional story of the Papal sentence is here affirmed in all its original integrity, though the authority alleged is public rumour only. When, however, in April, 1560, events had proceeded so far that English forces were already actively engaged in the war, and it was necessary to put forward some public explanation of their action, Cecil wrote a proclamation in which the story again appears, but in a very much modified form. He probably felt that his affirmations about the Bull were hardly safe enough to be set forth as a public justification for the momentous step he was now taking. He therefore commenced his accusations of the French as follows:

At Rome in the time of Pope Paul IV. open endeavours were made and nothing was neglected to disprove the rights of her Majesty [Queen Elizabeth] to this kingdom, and to confirm those vain pretensions, which the Queen of Scots assumes and arrogates. After that at Cambresis, &c.²

¹ The shorter form is found in the *Foreign Calendar*, 1558-9, n. 1302; the longer, *ibid.* n. 1300; also in Forbes, *Public Transactions*, i. 389, and in Burnet, &c.

² A. Teulet, *Relations Politiques*, ii. 24 (Latin). The indication of the time at which the offensive zeal of the French was shown is worthy of note. The conference at Cambresis began February 7th, 1559. Cecil therefore refers to the period immediately following Elizabeth's accession, about which we have ample information in Carne's letters, not to the less well known period that followed his recall.

It would seem, then, that when it was necessary to be precise, Cecil could not find anything really more serious with which to charge the French, except that they were active in asserting the "vain pretensions" of the Queen of Scots. To-day, however, no one will feel aggravated by these "open endeavours," for the "vain pretensions, which the Queen of Scots assumes and arrogates," form one of the links in the chain on which depends the hereditary right of Queen Victoria to the throne of England.

The proclamation was probably the first time in which the story of the French intrigue against Elizabeth was, as we should say, "published." What the steps were, which led to the wider circulation of the story, cannot be determined. It may have spread from this source, it may have spread from others, but it is not unworthy of notice that the two forms of the legend are respectively traceable to an unscrupulous politician and scandal-loving friar.

To summarize and conclude. The story of an attempt by Paul IV. to transfer the crown from Elizabeth to Mary, in its modified or in its unmodified form, is clearly false, and cannot be traced back beyond the manifesto of a contemporary politician, and the late compilations of a disingenuous cleric. Want of documents prevents our finding out for certain what the Pope really did do. The evidence, so far as it goes, tends to show that he did absolutely nothing at all.

J. H. POLLEN.

Our Popular Devotions.

II.—THE ROSARY.

THE devotion of the Stations of the Cross, as we have seen, was not instituted at any one time, nor was it the creation of any one person. It is a complexus of many different elements, among which the earnest desire of imitating the pilgrims to the Holy Land must be ranked in the foremost place. But the final form in which those elements crystallized was due under God's Providence to accidental circumstances. It would be difficult to regard the ultimate prevalence of the system of Brother John Pascha, the Carmelite of Louvain, as a case even of the survival of the fittest.

The same thing is true of the most widely spread and the most highly prized of all our modern popular devotions, to wit, the Rosary of our Blessed Lady. It is not uncommonly taken for granted by pious persons that the Rosary sprang into existence fully developed, as we now know it, having been revealed to St. Dominic by the Mother of God herself. But that is a view which even the more uncompromising upholders of the received tradition do not seriously maintain. The growth of the Rosary has been slow and gradual. The first beginnings stretch back into remote antiquity. Its latest, and in many senses its most important developments are not yet five hundred years old. One of the most distinguished writers of the Dominican Order, Father Thomas Esser, said not long since, and with reason, that the meditation on the mysteries is the very essence (*das eigenthümliche Wesen*) of the devotion. "What the heart is to the man, that the meditation on the mysteries is to the Rosary."¹ And yet the same distinguished writer has himself still more

¹ *Unserer Lieben Frauen Rosenkranz*, erklärt von Fr. Thomas Esser, O.P., published with the Imprimatur of the General of the Dominicans (pp. viii. and 568. Paderborn, 1889), p. 5. This is probably the fullest and most learned, as it is certainly one of the most devotional treatises on the Rosary that the Dominican Fathers have published in modern times. It is interesting to notice that the preface is dated from "Maynooth College, Ireland."

recently published a series of articles with the object of proving that the first suggestion of meditation in connection with the Rosary is to be traced to a German Carthusian monk at the beginning of the fifteenth century,¹ that is to say, two hundred years after the death of St. Dominic.

And here, it may be well to explain at the outset, that like Mabillon and like the Bollandists, both of the older and the younger generation, I find myself unable to connect any single feature in the past history of this devotion with the person of the founder of the Friars Preachers. I am sure that I can say with sincerity that I have set about this little study with no unfriendly feeling for the great Order which is specially identified with the Rosary. No one would wish for a moment to contest the fact that the institution of Rosary confraternities and the popularizing of the devotion among the faithful at large, is due almost entirely to them. It would be much more satisfactory to me to be able to vindicate a belief which has become almost a tradition of the Church, and which has been adopted and disseminated in a long series of Papal Bulls from Leo X. down to our present Holy Father. But a statement on a purely historical question which has no dogmatic bearing is not regarded by any school as infallibly protected from error, and while we receive such utterances with becoming respect, the question is not withdrawn from the field of legitimate discussion. Looking to the documentary evidence it appears, on the one hand, that certain prominent features in the devotion of the Rosary are unquestionably older than St. Dominic, and that the remainder are as unquestionably later than his time. We find also that for two centuries and a half after his death no biographer, no one of the multitude of Dominican writers, no direct testimony of any kind, has ever been quoted as connecting the name of St. Dominic with the Rosary, much less as vouching for the story of his receiving it in a vision from the hands of our Blessed Lady. The tradition first meets us in the pretended revelations of Alan de Rupe in the second half of the fifteenth century, and whatever may be thought of Alan himself, the revelations attributed to him are admitted by the historians of his own Order to be for the most part utterly incredible.

¹ These articles appeared in the *Katholik* of Mainz in the October, November, and December of 1897. The scope of the writer is shown in the alternative title he has given them: *Beitrag zur Geschichte des Rosenkranzes, die ersten Spuren von Betrachtungen beim Rosenkranz* (i.e., contributions to the History of the Holy Rosary, the first traces of Meditations in connection with the Rosary).

These are in sum the reasons which seem to me to justify the scepticism of the Bollandists, and while I have been keen to read all I could find on the other side, I have not yet met with any satisfactory answer. However, I hope to deal with the question of St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary more fully in my next article. For the present let us confine ourselves to ascertained facts, which will not, I think, be disputed by any one.

I.—THE BEADS.

The Reverend Father Theophilus Raynaud, a voluminous writer of the Society of Jesus, has struck at the root of all controversies regarding the origin of the Rosary by a very simple suggestion. The Rosary, he tells us, was instituted by our Blessed Lady herself during her lifetime upon earth, and the proof of it is that when she was assumed into Heaven she left her rosary beads behind her, the which are, or were in Father Raynaud's day, reverently preserved at Rome in the Church of *Sta. Maria in Campitelli*.¹ This relic, like the sculptured Annunciation in the Cathedral of Rheims, where Mary is seen praying with her rosary in her hands, seems to have unduly provoked the derision of scoffers, and it is now no longer exhibited for veneration. It is hard to sympathize with Mgr. Barbier de Montault's regret at this decision, and even the championship of Pope Benedict XIV.² would not reconcile us to accept the authenticity of such a memorial. None the less it may be admitted that there is no intrinsic absurdity in the idea of our Lady's using a string of beads to count her prayers withal. Some such custom was, and is, widely prevalent amongst many primitive peoples who are not likely to have

¹ An inscription is said to have still existed in this Church of *Sta. Maria in Campitelli* down to the last century. It ran as follows: "In nomine Domini, Amen. Anno 1217, Pontificatus Domini Honorii Papæ, anno ejus secundo, indictione 6, mensis aprilis die 5, consecrata est ecclesia hæc ab eodem summo pontifice et universali papa, per cujus sanctas manus reconditæ sunt in hoc altari Beatæ Mariæ Virginis multæ reliquie sanctorum et sanctarum, videlicet, de ligno Sanctæ Crucis, de lacte, capillis et vestimentis gloriosæ Virginis Mariæ; item *pars corona de Pater noster Virginis Mariæ*." (Quoted from Benedict XIV. by Mgr. Barbier de Montault in the *Bulletin de la Société Archéologique du Limousin*, vol. xl. 1892, p. 98.) If this inscription is authentic and contemporary, it is an early instance both of the term *corona* and of the *Paternoster* to describe a string of beads.

² Prosper Lambertini, afterwards Benedict XIV., writes: "Rosarium ab ipsa beatissima Virgine Maria potuisse recitari . . . non enim implicat quin eadem beatissima Virgo Maria salutationem angelicam recitare potuerit ad revelandum mysterium ea salutatione peractum." (*Analecta Juris Pontificii*, vol. iv. col. 1388.) Mgr. de Montault, it seems to me, rather misrepresents the drift of Lambertini's very qualified defence.

derived their inspiration from Christian sources. We read in the *Vedas* how the ancient Brahmins of India employed similar mechanical means—*akṣhamālā*, they were called in Sanskrit—to repeat an appointed number of times the name of their goddess Arundhati. Then there are Buddhist rosaries, Egyptian rosaries, Mohammedan rosaries, and rosaries used upon the American continent by the aborigines of Peru. To take a single example Marco Polo tells us of the King of Malabar.

He wears also, hanging in front of his chest from the neck downwards, a fine silk thread, strung with 104 large pearls and rubies of great price. The reason why he wears this cord with the 104 great pearls and rubies is (according to what they tell) that every day, morning and evening, he has to say 104 prayers to his idols. Such is their religion and their custom.¹

That egregious plagiarist, Sir John Maundevile, knight (c. 1400), serves up the same material in his own *Voyage*,² emphasizing the parallel with the rosary.

The king of that isle hath about his neck 300 orient pearls, good and great and knotted, as paternosters here of amber. And in like manner as we say our *Pater noster* and our *Ave Maria*, counting the paternoster right, so this king saith every day devoutly 300 prayers to his god ere that he eat.

The wide diffusion of this practice amongst pagan races proves the likelihood that some such device would suggest itself to Christians also whenever there was question of repeating the same formula of prayer a great number of times. Hence we find the hermits of the desert counting their prayers with stones,³ and there is good reason to believe that the use of berries or jewels threaded upon a string was not unfamiliar in the early middle ages. The expression, *funt divillola*, in the confession of Charlemagne, and the famous *beltidum Pater noster* in the Anglo-Saxon council of Celichyth, seem to me a great deal too dubious⁴ to base any inference upon, but there can be no possible question about the case of the Countess Godiva of Coventry in 1040, recorded by William of Malmesbury, who bequeathed to the monastery founded by her "a circlet of gems

¹ *Marco Polo* (Yule's Edition), ii. p. 275.

² *Voyage of Sir John Maundevile*, chap. xviii.

³ Sozomen, *Hist. Eccles.* lib. vi. c. 29; Palladin's *Hist. Lausiaca*, &c.

⁴ The suggestion made in Haddan and Stubbs that *beltidum* is simply *bel-tidum*, the hours when the bell rang, is in every way a more probable interpretation than *belts of paternosters*.

which she had threaded on a string in order that by fingering them one by one as she successively recited her prayers, she might not fall short of the exact number."¹ Such examples are not abundant before the time of St. Dominic, but the fact that these strings of beads were called paternosters (not Ave Marias) in all European languages, and that we are told in the casual explanations of their purport that they were used for counting the Lord's Prayer (not the angelical salutation) seems to be strong evidence that the fashion of using these strings of beads preceded the adoption of the "Hail, Mary," as the staple prayer said upon them. In nearly all Religious Orders the lay-brothers (*conversi*) were required to say a certain large number of *Pater nosters* daily in place of the Divine Office, and the use of some such expedient must have been almost a necessity to enable them to count aright. Again, the very word *bead* tells a similar story. The primary meaning of bead is a prayer, a sense still retained in *bedesman*, *bederoll*, &c., and its use to signify a little globule of wood or glass is a derivative meaning due to the fact that people had grown accustomed to counting their prayers by means of strings of such globules. If the word *beads* was used in this sense in the fourteenth century, the object itself must have been much older. But there is no need to enlarge upon this point which is not disputed.²

II.—THE PSALTER.

If the space at my command were not so limited it would be interesting to dwell a little upon the pre-eminent place occupied by the psalter in the devotion of the early centuries. Leaving the *Pater noster* out of account, the psalms seem to have been regarded as constituting the whole staple prayer of the Church. Neither was it in any eclectic spirit that the psalter was used. The earlier ascetics do not seem to have picked out this psalm or that, because it appealed to them, or because it chimed in with the particular mood in which they happened to find themselves. They looked upon prayer not subjectively but objectively. They chanted the psalms not because they liked to say them, but because they thought that God liked to hear them, and had put them there to be said. And they were particular in making

¹ *Gesta Pontif.* lib. iv. c. 4. St. Rosalia (c. 1160) affords another certain example.

² This passage was written before I had the opportunity of making acquaintance with Father Esser's valuable essay, entitled, *Zur Archæologie des Paternoster-schnur*. I am glad to find myself so entirely in agreement with his views on this subject.

music to the Most High, by going right through conscientiously from end to end. The more often they could accomplish this, the more glory they felt was being given to God, and the better He would be pleased. I do not know any more curious chapter in the whole of hagiographical literature than the account given by St. Peter Damian of his disciple St. Dominic Loricatus. In this matter of the repetition of the entire psalter, St. Loricatus was extraordinarily determined and persevering. One day he burst in upon St. Peter Damian to tell him that he had accomplished what he had never achieved in his life before. "In the course of the twenty-four hours," he said, "I have chanted eight complete psalters." But this achievement, at a later period, he left far in the shade by saying in the same space of time twelve complete psalters and a part of the thirteenth down to the psalm *Beati quorum* (Psalm xxxi.), disciplining the while his naked body with both hands. This strange conception of prayer which reached what may seem to us such a fantastic development in St. Dominic Loricatus, appears to have been shared to some extent by the ascetics of all the early middle ages. Of many of the saints of that epoch, we read that they recited, especially when travelling, as many as two or even three psalters in the day. The Saxon Ceolfrid, for instance, was one of these, and the practice seems to have extended to every part of the Church. In Ireland, particularly, the recitation of psalms had a prominent place. It was called from the number "the three fifties" (*na tri coicat*), and the Latin word *quinquagena*¹ was also in use for the third part of the psalter in other parts of Europe. Such phrases occur particularly in the "penitentials" or codes of penances used again in the lists of suffrages performed for the souls of the departed. Thus, for one of the benefactors of Canterbury in the time of Lanfranc it is prescribed: "æghwile mæssepriost gesinge fore his sawle twa messan . . . and æghwile Godes thiow gesinge twa *fiftig* for his sawle" (*i.e.*, let each priest sing for his soul two masses . . . and let each Religious sing two *fifties* for his soul).

Now, it will be readily understood that this practice, while gradually declining in fervour during the twelfth and succeeding centuries, did not disappear without leaving traces

¹ It is astonishing that M. l'Abbé Duffaut, *Hypothèse sur la date et le lieu de l'institution du Rosaire*, p. 46, can question the fact that *quinquagena* or *quinquagenarium* means fifty psalms. *Cantet unum quinquagenarium psalmorum*, we read in the *Judicia Civitatis Londonie*. (Thorpe, *Ancient Laws*, i. 236, ii. 499.)

of its presence. Compendious imitations of the Psalter came into vogue, *Pater nosters* were largely used in place of the Psalms, or metrical quatrains were devised in which each psalm was represented by a little stanza, the subject being suggested by its first line. In particular, special favour attached to the number fifty, to thrice fifty, as was natural, and to other multiples, and this being an age in which devotion to our Blessed Lady received a great impetus, these new developments very commonly took the form of some practice of piety in her honour. As one interesting example, I may refer to a set of 150 quatrains printed among the works of St. Anselm, each beginning with the words *Ave Maria*. Whether these were really composed by the great Archbishop is a matter of little consequence; they certainly belong to the twelfth century. The real character of the devotion does not reveal itself at first sight because the verses are broken up with prayers, and do not seem to be directly connected with the psalms in their order. But the reader who will take the trouble to count them will find that there are exactly 150 *Aves*, and that the whole is divided into a first, second, and third part of fifty *Aves* each. This cannot possibly be the result of mere coincidence. Of even more interest are a set of salutations which are found in a MS. of the early part of the thirteenth century, and the authorship of which, it seems, is traceable to Archbishop Stephen Langton, the champion of English liberties in the reign of King John. In this case we have avowedly a psalter of our Blessed Lady, and above each quatrain is written the first words of the psalm to which it corresponds. Here are the first two stanzas as a specimen:

Psalm i. *Beatus vir qui non abiit in consilio impiorum.*

Ave virgo virginum parens absque pari
Sine viri semine digna fecundari
Fac nos legem domini crebro meditari
Et in regni gloria beatificari.

Psalm ii. *Quare fremuerunt gentes et populi meditati.*

Ave cujus viscera natum ediderunt
Cujus in interitum gentes fremuerunt
Audi voces supplicum qui te pie querunt
Mali causas removens que nos invenerunt.¹

¹ A similar Psalterium Minus Beate Marie Virginis is attributed to St. Bonaventure.

The epilogue is also interesting ; it concludes as follows :

Demum, dei genetrix, laudes acceptare
Cura quas offerimus nosque presentare
Per has deo satagas, ut, cum judicare
Venerit, nos ovibus velit aggregare.

Virgo sancta, suscipe mentis in conclavi
Verba quibus tociens veniam rogavi,
El audito sepius AVE tam suavi
Fac me queso liberum prorsus A VE gravi.

But the simplest pious practice of this kind, one which involved no reading and no effort of memory, was the psalter of simple *Aves*, which partly as an exercise of penance and partly as an external mark of respect to the Mother of God, were not unfrequently accompanied by the same number of genuflexions or prostrations. Now there can be no possible doubt that this exercise is older than the time of St. Dominic. The Bollandists long ago appealed to the practice of St. Aybert in the second half of the twelfth century, who is said by his contemporary biographer to have each day recited the *Ave Maria* a hundred times with genuflexions and fifty times prostrate. Even one such instance is sufficient to establish the truth that the recital of a hundred and fifty Hail Marys in three groups of fifty was known before the time of St. Dominic, but it will be useful to appeal to another story which for many reasons is particularly worthy of notice.

The writers who champion the traditional account of the origin of the Rosary are fond of quoting an illustration¹ which appears in the works of a Dominican writer of the thirteenth century, concerning the recitation of a hundred and fifty Hail Marys by a certain Eulalia. The story helps, they think, to show the prevalence of this devotion and its association with the Dominican Order at an early date. It is quite true that the Dominican writer in question tells this anecdote, but unfortunately for the argument, he is not the first to tell it. It belongs unquestionably to a period earlier than the birth of the founder of the Friars Preachers, and at that time it was spread far and wide throughout Europe. Let me repeat the important part of the legend in the form in which it occurs in MS. Cotton, *Cleopatra*, c. 10, at the British Museum. Eulalia, who is very devout to the Blessed Virgin, is privileged to behold her in a vision.

¹ See, for instance, Mother Frances Raphael's (Drane) *Life of St. Dominic*, p. 130, or Danzas, vol. iv. p. 403.

Eulalia is rather alarmed, whereupon our Lady reassures her:

Do not [she says], my daughter, be afraid of the fond Mother to whom each day you pay all the homage in your power. But I caution you that if you wish the services you render me to benefit yourself more and to be more acceptable to me, then do not in future pronounce the words so rapidly, for let me tell you that when you greet me with the Angelical salutation I experience a great thrill of joy, and more especially when you utter lingeringly the word *Dominus tecum*.¹ The delight I feel then is more than can be expressed in words. For then it seems to me that I feel my Son within me even as He, true God and man, was with me when He vouchsafed to be born of me for the sake of sinners. And as this was to me at that time an unspeakable joy, so is it now when *Dominus tecum* is said to me in the Angelical salutation. On hearing this, that handmaid of Christ was filled with intense delight, and to her sweetest mother, if I may so speak of her who had called her child, she offered countless thanksgivings with manifold prayers in return for the loving consolation and the kindly admonition which had been given her. And thus the Mother of all nature, departing from her, returned amid great glory to the heavenly kingdom, where, as we believe, she remains with her Son for ever. Finally, that sister, not oblivious of what she had seen and heard, wishing to make the prayers which she was wont to say more pleasing to our Lady St. Mary and more profitable to herself, she straightway set to work to shorten them. For the practice which she was wont to follow was this, that every day for love of her she repeated without interruption *Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum* as many times as she had heard that there were psalms in the psalter, and in order that she might be able to complete the entire number each day it seems that she used to pronounce that angelic *Ave* more rapidly than she should. But now encouraged by this

¹ It does not seem clear whether this is intended to represent the whole of the angelical salutation as it was said in the early part of the twelfth century. I am half inclined to think it does. Every one knows that the addition of the clause, "Holy Mary," &c., did not become general until the middle of the sixteenth century. The Holy Name was not generally appended to the first clause until the fourteenth century. It is possible that even the earlier part was built up gradually, for the *Ave* seems always in early times to have been regarded as a *salutation* which was appropriately accompanied by a genuflection or some other outward sign of reverence. Another miracle of our Lady which appears in the same Cotton MS. and in a number of other thirteenth century collections, tells of a man who always in passing before our Lady's altar "dicendo *Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum*, eam cum reverencia salutabat," and to take one of numberless other instances St. Louis, King of France, "knelt down every day fifty times in the evening, and each time he stood upright again, and then knelt down anew, and each time he thus knelt down he said very slowly an *Ave Maria*." The history of the *Ave Maria* has been discussed at length by Father Bridgett in *Our Lady's Dowry*, and by Father Esser in the *Historisches Jahrbuch* for 1885.

admonition from the Mother of our Lord, she gave up reciting two-thirds of what she had formerly said [*i.e.*, 100 Hail Marys] but made it a practice to pronounce the remaining third [*i.e.*, 50 Hail Marys] with great earnestness and more deliberately.¹

A special importance attaches to this story on account of its wide diffusion. Professor Mussafia, in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, has of late years printed a series of five papers on the mediæval legends of our Blessed Lady. He has studied them manuscript by manuscript in all the most important libraries of Europe. Now the data supplied by him enable us to say that the legend of Eulalia in the form just quoted may be read in at least seven extant codices unquestionably older than the time of St. Dominic, and in more than twice that number which are contemporary with him or of not much more recent date. To take the twelfth century manuscripts alone, we have two in Paris, one in Munich, one at Admont in Steiermark, one at Reun in Steiermark, one at the British Museum, one in Toulouse, and one at Brussels.² The British Museum MS., of English origin, connects the story with Shepton and with the monastery of Bec; other foreign codices give it an

¹ "Ne timeas, inquit, piam matrem, o filia, cui quaque die unice (?) humillima quam plurima reddis servicia. Sed moneo te ut si illa quæ mihi impendis servicia tibi vis magis proficere et mihi placere, tunc noli amodo ea tam velociter pronunciare, quia quum mihi salutas salutatione angelica scias me magnum gaudium percipere, et maxime dum dicis mihi *Dominus tecum* prolixius. Huius gaudii quod tunc habeo modus non potest proferri ullis vocibus. Nam tunc mihi videtur quod similiter in me sit filius meus, quam fuit cum [pro] peccatoribus de me nasci dignatus est deus homo verus. Et sicuti tunc fuit mihi gaudium ineffabile ita et nunc cum dicitur mihi *Dominus tecum* angelica salutatione. Hæc audiens, illa Christi ancilla fit repleta ingenti leticia, atque suæ ut ita dicam matri dulcissimæ quæ eam filiam vocaverat, cum magna supplicatione reddit grates innumeras pro tam pia consolatione et tam benigna admonitione quam ei attulerat. Sicque mater totius naturæ discedens ab illa cum magna claritate rediit ad regna celestia. Ubi, sicut credimus, cum filio manet per secula. Denique soror illa, non immemor quæ viderat immo et audierat, orationes quas solebat facere ut nostræ dominæ sanctæ mariæ magis placerent et sibi proficerent ilico studuit abbreviare. Talem namque consuetudinem habebat quod sine ulla intermissione pro illius amore omni die "Ave Maria gratia plena dominus tecum" tot vicibus dicebat quot psalmos esse in psalterio didicerat, et idcirco ut istum numerum quoque die totum posset complere, videbatur illud angelicum Ave velocius quam deberet pronuntiare, sed nunc matris domini admonitione roborata, duas partes dimiserat, tertiam cum magna diligentia amodo cantare morosius instituerat."

² These Manuscripts are Paris, Latin, 14,463 and 5,628; Munich 18,659; Admont 638; Reun 16; British Museum, Cotton, *Cleop.* c. 10; Toulouse 482; Brussels, Phillips 336. The early date assigned to these MSS. is based upon the verdict of the first experts in Europe, men like M. Léopold Delisle, Sir Edmund Maunde Thompson, &c. Moreover, several of the stories contain internal evidence of their belonging to the twelfth or even an earlier century. The Toulouse MS. like that of the British Museum contains indications which point to the English origin of the collection. There is mention in it of "our monastery at Bovesham" (? Bosham).

exclusively French *locale*. One thing is clear, that even in the twelfth century it was very widely diffused. Moreover, there are other early legends which bear very similar testimony. I will content myself here with a reference to the very curious story compendiously styled by Mussafia, *Weib und Buhlerin*. A neglected wife prays to our Blessed Lady for vengeance on the rival who has supplanted her in her husband's affections. Our Lady tells her that wicked as is the life which this woman is leading, she is nevertheless devout in honouring her (Mary), for she says the angelical salutation a hundred times daily with genuflexions. Our Lady, consequently, will not allow the vengeance of Heaven to fall upon the sinner,¹ but obtains for her instead the grace of conversion. She enters a convent, and the rival being thus removed, the anxious wife regains her husband's affection.

It will be objected that these hundred or even these hundred and fifty *Aves* are, after all, not the rosary. I grant it, but they are a very essential part of the rosary devotion, and they are as much the rosary as anything of which we have record until long after the time of St. Dominic. Father Danzas, Mother Frances Raphael (Drane), and other writers on the same side were quite satisfied to regard the story of Eulalia as an instance of the recitation of the rosary, supposing, as they did, that the Dominican Brother, Bartholomew of Trent, in the thirteenth century, was the author of it. Those who share their views cannot with a good grace reject it now, because it proves to be more than a hundred years older than was at first imagined.

Let it be added that the close connection of the 150 *Aves* of the Rosary with the number of the psalms was never lost sight of. All the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who treat of this devotion have something to say upon the number of the Hail Marys, and while their imagination often runs riot over the fantastic congruities which they discover in these three sets of fifty, they always come back in the end to this, viz., that the Rosary is our Lady's *Psalter*. As one particular instance the reader may be referred to that sumptuous and elaborately illustrated work, *Der beschlossenen Gart*, printed in the early years of the sixteenth century, wherein a section is devoted to discussing the number of the Hail Marys in the

¹ "Acceptissimum Ave illud, quo me celitus salutavit nuncius, centum die vicibus dicit flexis genibus." (MS. Arundel 346, fol. 71, v°.) The narrative is irregularly metrical. Besides the Arundel MS. the story appears in at least seven others of the twelfth century.

Rosary, and in which that devotion itself is frequently referred to as the *Psalter oder Rosenkrantz Marie*. This, too, is the very title of the little book which, as we shall see, has had most to do with determining our present practice. The method of saying the Rosary recommended in the *Unser lieben Frowen Psalter* of 1489 differs hardly at all from that with which we are now familiar.

III.—THE OUR FATHERS.

In an article published in the *Downside Review* and afterwards reprinted separately, Abbot Gasquet some few years since gave an account of "An English Rosary Book of the fifteenth Century," to which we shall have occasion to refer again. Speaking of the origin of the Rosary, Abbot Gasquet, while disclaiming any special study of the subject, makes the suggestion that although the recitation of a hundred and fifty *Aves* is of older date, the arrangement of the *Aves* in tens divided by a *Pater noster*, the division into fifties, and the introduction of meditations on the Life of our Blessed Lord, may be due to the initiative of St. Dominic. Abbot Gasquet offers no evidence in support of his suggestion. The division into fifties we have already seen to be older than this, and intimately associated with the Psalter idea, the meditations on the other hand are referred even by Father Esser, O.P., to the beginning of the fifteenth century. There remain then only the Our Fathers which divide the decades. Can these have been introduced by St. Dominic?

Let me say first that I am inclined to attribute much confusion to the name *paternosters* which in every European language was applied in the middle ages to certain strings of beads. It has been assumed quite unwarrantably by most writers on the subject, that wherever there is mention of paternosters there must be question of our rosary, and secondly, the inference seems to have been commonly drawn that the name paternoster could not have been given to such strings of beads unless in this devotional exercise there had been from the beginning a mixture of *Patens* with the *Aves*. Now, although I am not aware that I can produce an instance of the name *paternoster* as applied to beads earlier than St. Dominic's time, still there must undoubtedly have been some mechanical contrivance used for counting the Our Fathers, which the lay-brothers of the older Orders, and the illiterate generally, said by hundreds in the place of the psalms. It is difficult not to suppose that these strings of beads

were called *paternosters* simply because they counted Our Fathers, and on the other hand, we can readily understand how the name paternoster, when once established might afterwards come to be used for any string of prayer beads, even those which were intended for counting *Aves*. The reverse process, however, is to me inconceivable. If the beads were first used to count the *Aves* of the rosary, they cannot have been called paternosters, merely on account of the few Our Fathers mixed up with them. No argument then can be drawn from this popular location as to the first appearance of *Paters* in our Lady's Psalter. What is more, I am strongly disposed to contest any inference as to the early use of *Paters* which may be drawn from the presence of larger beads in mediæval representations of the rosary on brasses or in miniatures. The beads were used to count, and it is obvious that the counting of a large number is much more satisfactorily performed when divisions are introduced at uniform intervals. It by no means follows that the large beads represent Our Fathers and the smaller ones Hail Marys. It is both possible and probable that the large beads were mere markers calling attention to the completion of the tens. Very significant in this connection is the representation of Marguerite de Chatelvilain, figured by Creeny among his *Incised slabs of the Continent of Europe*. The long rosary in her hands is carefully divided by larger beads into sets of *five*. Eighteen of these large beads may be distinguished, and part of the rosary is hidden by the hands. It was probably meant to count twenty such fives or ten decades in all. Again, many rosaries figured on brasses have no large beads, notably those shown in the brass of Humbert, Dauphin of Viennois, formerly in the Church of St. Jacques at Paris, to which Danzas appeals as evidence of a special connection between the rosary and the Dominican Order.¹ Of course, I do not mean to suggest that

¹ This last example affords a curious illustration of how evidence may be transformed in passing from writer to writer, and as it is Father Esser, a Dominican himself, who calls attention to it, I may be pardoned for devoting a note to the point. In Mother Drane's for the most part admirable *Life of St. Dominic* is a chapter on the Rosary, based upon Père Danzas, whose "extraordinary care and diligence in the critical examination of the whole subject" she greatly commends. From him she has borrowed the statement that on this brass, dated 1355, in the Dominican church, is represented Brother Humbert (formerly Dauphin), "surrounded by smaller figures of Dominican friars holding in their hands rosaries or chaplets, composed of fifty beads without reckoning the *Paters*." The truth is that only two out of the eight smaller figures show any trace of a rosary, and in these two cases Mamachi, who is ultimately the authority for all the information, says that "if the representations were bigger we should be able to count the beads and would find [no doubt] that they numbered fifty."

the large beads did not stand for *Paters* later on. We have a good deal of direct evidence in this country that they undoubtedly did, but I am inclined to think that they were at first mere "gaudies" (*i.e.*, ornaments), as they were often called, and that it was rather the presence of these big beads marking the tens which suggested the interruption of the Hail Marys with an Our Father in the places where they occurred, and not *ex converso* the practice of saying Our Fathers which suggested the employment of *gaudies* or big beads.

This, of course, is a mere conjecture, and it must go for what it is worth. We are on more certain ground when we say that for a hundred years after St. Dominic's time there is no evidence that the 150 Hail Marys of our Lady's Psalter were divided into decades by reciting the Our Father. There is on the contrary a good deal of evidence which is in conflict with such an idea, and it is quite certain that down to the end of the sixteenth century the rosary, if indeed we may give the name to these 150 Hail Marys, was said by many people without any Our Fathers at all. Even after the preaching of Alan de Rupe, and the introduction of the mysteries as we know them, a rare little rosary book of 1480, of which two copies by different printers are in the British Museum, speaks of a rosary of 50 Aves, without mentioning *Paters*, and indeed practically excluding them.¹ Again, we find that the introduction of a rosary with *Paters* is claimed for two different people by those who were their contemporaries, to wit, for the Carthusian, Henry Egher, known as Calkariensis, about 1390,² and for Alan de Rupe himself about 60 years later.³ There is probably no serious foundation for the claim in either case, but the feature must have been regarded to some extent as a novelty. On the other hand, in two much earlier accounts of the introduction of our Lady's Psalter there is no mention of *Paters*. One of these, the legend of the rose-garland, which seems to appear first

Father Esser remarks that all that can be observed is that these two rosaries are short, that they have little crosses hanging from them, and that the beads are all the same size, and he adds significantly, "this is the way history is written."

¹ The book begins "*Dis ist unser lyeben frowen Rosenkrantz und wie er von ersten ist offkommen*" (This is our Blessed Lady's Rose-garland and how it first began). The rarity of it may be judged by the fact that neither of the two Museum copies is described in Hain, though they are by different printers.

² See Le Conteulx, *Annales Ordinis Carthusiensis*, vol. vii. p. 3.

³ See the *Sponsus Novellus*, an account of Alan de Rupe and his revival of the rosary, printed in Sweden in 1498. Speaking of Alan, the editor adds, "*qui hoc peroravit psalterium adjungendo quindecim Pater noster.*" (sig. A. iiij. b.)

in a German poem of the thirteenth century, will be referred to again in connection with the name now given to this devotion. The other is an English poem which occurs in the Auchinleck manuscript, written about the year 1310.¹ It is entitled in English, "How our Levedi (Lady's) Sauter was first founde," and tells how a young monk was accustomed each day to say on his knees a hundred Aves in our Lady's honour. One Saturday when he was thus engaged our Lady appeared to him, radiant of mien, but with garments that seemed to lack their full proportions. She thanked him for his devotion to her, but told him that he must in future do more, and say not twice, but thrice fifty Aves. "That is right mi Sauter," she explains. The Aves are to be said fifty in the morning, fifty at noon, and fifty in the evening. He is to count them ten at a time on his fingers, with an anthem to conclude each ten.² I note in passing that this anthem seems to discharge the function which I assign to the *Pater noster*. There is even perhaps a faint trace of the beginning of meditation, for this first fifty is to be said :—

In tokne of the blisse, That fel me with y-wis,
 Tho the Angel to me cam,
 And seyd me tiding, That of me schuld spring,
 God bicom a man.

Similarly the third set are distinctly brought into connection with our Lady's Assumption and the glory she enjoys in Heaven. Then the monk takes courage and asks his heavenly visitor why he sees her without sleeves and lacking her full attire. She answers that she is dressed in the cloth that he has given her ;

¹ The poem was edited by Mr. David Laing for the Abbotsford Club. Another copy from MS. Digby 86 has been printed in Horstmann's *Altenglische Legenden*, Neue Folge, 1881, pp. 220—225. The poem is English, but the title is there given in French in the form *Comment le sauter noustre dame fu primes cuntroue*.

² Ac thou most more say,
 For me nou ich day
 Fifti albi score
 Of Ave Maries,
 Ich day thries
 Wite now whar fore.

That is right mi Sauter,
 And thou it schalt y-wite here
 Hou it schal be do.
 Fifti say be fore,
 And ever ten bi score
 And the Antemis ther to.

The phrase *by score* which occurs several times in this poem means only, I think, carefully counting them. It has no reference to any division of twenties.

if only he will say the thrice fifty Aves in place of his former twice fifty, she will come to him again at the end of the week more fully robed.

That day a sevensnight, Oure levedi full of might
To that moncke cam,
In hir wede right, Yclothed swithe bright,
And thankede the man.

And she not only thanked him, but told him he should become abbot, while she added most generous promises for all who would daily say her Psalter in three instalments.

Nis none that shal deie, That thries will say,
These Ave Maries,
With outen housel and schrift, By day no bi night
For non folies.

It will be noticed that there is no mention of the *Pater noster* in this detailed account, although the "Antemis"¹ which are spoken of seem to supply its function of marking the end of each ten. If one could be sure that this poem represented the general practice of Englishmen in saying our Lady's Psalter at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, I should be tempted to suggest that the term *gaudy* used, as mentioned above, to denote the large beads, or, perhaps, the mountings of mediæval rosaries, was derived from the word *gaude*, the first word of a series of anthems in which our Lady's five joys were saluted, and which might very well have been used to mark the end of the five decades. This, however, is only speculation. The fact which I wish to urge in this section is that the *Pater noster* does not appear in any of the tolerably numerous references to our Lady's Psalter which come to us from the thirteenth century. In the stories of such writers as Thomas of Cantimpre, Bartholomew of Trent, Cæsar of Heisterbach, Stephen of Bourbon, &c., which are commonly appealed to as allusions to the Rosary, the *Pater* is conspicuous by its absence. Though they were three of them Dominicans, the Psalter of our Lady consisted for them of 150 *Aves* only.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ I have come across at least one other instance of the introduction of anthems into the rosary. It occurs in the last sheet of some book of prayers which cannot be fully identified, the sheet having been separated from the volume and bound up separately. It is in the Museum Library (press mark, 3456.aa.60), and in the catalogue is dated approximately 1490. In this a method is given of saying the rosary in which ten *Aves* come first, then a *Pater noster*, and finally an anthem of our Lady. Most of those given are borrowed from her Office in the Breviary.

One Woman's Work.

FIRST PART.

CHAPTER I.

"Now don't! Pray don't! Do just listen to me, Ella. Oh dear! there she goes again!"

Augustine Venn, the author of this feeble and helpless expostulation, was a slight, fragile-looking man of middle age, with hair on the borderland between white and yellow, and pale limp whiskers. He was standing with an open letter in his hand, which he fingered nervously; and whatever it was which had called forth his feeble remonstrance had had the effect of causing the strongly marked veins on his temples to stand out prominently, and his face to flush hot through his pale thin hair and whiskers; while his very light blue eyes were filled with unmistakable tears of vexation and helplessness.

His wife, whom he had addressed, was in every respect the direct opposite to himself. Her stately, massive form, her prominent features, and her high-colouring, which contrasted markedly with her raven-black hair, were almost typical of her strong, masterful nature. She was sitting at a handsome French buhl writing-table, strewn with invitation cards, which she had been in the act of writing when her husband had interrupted her. The very attitude of the back and shoulders which she studiously turned towards him, as he meekly stood behind her, was very expressive.

Now, however, in response to his last expostulation, she wheeled her chair round, and faced Mr. Venn with an imposing air, which sat rather becomingly on her strong, high-featured countenance.

"It is all very well to say, 'don't,' Augustine! I insist on your giving me at least a hearing; for I must arrive at a clear understanding about this extraordinary proposal of yours. Do you mean to tell me that you wish to *adopt* this pauper niece of yours?"

"Well, yes, my dear, if you wish to put it in that way. But indeed, Ella, she is no pauper, for she has a little something of her own. I wish that you would try to understand that I do not want to adopt her out of charity, but only to give her a home. She is all alone in the world,—and—and she is my sister's child, Ella."

"So you have more than once informed me," replied Mrs. Venn, cruelly; and then she relapsed into an imposing silence, knowing, with the instinctive ingenuity of a tyrant, that to make her oppressed husband bear the brunt of the explanation was more crushing to him at that moment than would have been a shower of invective from herself.

"Joanna and I were brother and sister," he continued, rather foolishly, "and—we loved one another dearly."

"So I should presume," was the frigid response. "Pray go on, Augustine, and let me hear all you have to say, and then I will form my own opinions."

"As I have told you before," continued Mr. Venn, desperately, "she and I—I mean she and her husband died of some epidemic abroad, within a month of one another, quite five years ago; and left this child all alone in the world—because her brother——"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Venn, who loved the use of her ready tongue too dearly to maintain for long her silent tactics; "yes, because her brother, who ought to be looking after and providing for his sister, chose to shirk his duties and shut himself up in a monastery, and called it serving God! Bah!"

"But, my dear, he was already professed before his parents' death; so don't blame the poor boy. Anyhow, poor little Jenny was left alone, not penniless, but with no home."

"And so, because your sister chose to marry a French dancing-master, or an acrobat, or whatever the man was, and by so doing, as you very well know, displeased your father and mother, you feel bound to support her penniless child with—let me add what I would not add except from necessity—with my money. Have you not daughters enough already? And have not I already more than enough anxiety to settle them in life? If it had been a boy, I might have consented—but another girl, never!"

"You know, Ella," resumed Mr. Venn, pleadingly, "it has always been my wish to have the child. When her parents died, when she was only fifteen, and on two occasions since, I have begged of you to give her a home."

"Yes, Augustine, and you know equally well that on each occasion I refused."

"I know, my dear, I know ; and rather than create disagreeables, I gave up my wish, and consented to arrange for her education in a convent at Fiesole, where her parents died. As I have told you before, the good nuns took the poor child into their house when she was left an orphan, meaning to keep her there till her friends could be communicated with—and there she has been ever since. But this is the very point I wish to come to, my dear. This is what this letter is about, if only you will listen for a minute or two. I will not be long."

Mrs. Venn folded her arms, tightened her lips, and put on an expression of forced resignation which might have daunted a bolder man than Augustine Venn. He, however, resumed his statement, though his heart beat audibly, and the veins in his temples throbbed visibly.

"This letter is from the Reverend Mother—the Superioress," he explained, correcting himself hurriedly as he saw sarcastic words rising to his wife's lips. "She tells me what I knew already, that Joan, or Jenny as her mother used to call her, is nearly twenty-one, and has been, for two years, older than any other girl in the school ; and that things cannot go on as they are, as her position is awkward and disagreeable for everybody. So she asks me to arrange for her removal. You see, my dear, that I am driven into a corner. Jenny cannot remain as a school-girl, and what is she to do?"

"Send her out as a governess," replied Mrs. Venn, without changing her position or moving a muscle. "If those nuns have made a proper use of all the money which has been lavished on the girl, she ought to be sufficiently well educated to take a situation."

"But do be reasonable, now pray do, Ella," he said, while the expression in his pale blue eyes grew terribly distressed. "Do you not see that I could not do that? Just think what my position is here and at Brookethorpe! Even setting my own personal feelings on one side, how could I, living as I do, send my sister Joanna's child out into the world to earn her bread? How could I do it, Ella?"

This was a line of argument likely to find a hearing with Mrs. Venn, who, whatever might be her shortcomings, always liked to display a fair front to the world. Tacitly accepting the instincts of public opinion as surer than her own, she often

shrank from parading for its benefit actions which her own conscience vindicated. It is probable that Mr. Venn's last argument had its effect on her; for though she would not own to being convinced, she shifted her ground.

"Oh, of course, if you will not do it there is an end of the matter," she replied, with somewhat scornful irony at the patent inveracity of her words.

"No," resumed her husband, with a calmness and amount of decision which took Mrs. Venn by surprise, though once or twice before in the course of their married life he had startled her in a similar manner, "I could not do it. I dearly loved my sister Joanna. From a money point of view she made a foolish marriage, but Loraine was a good man and made her happy. My father and mother had a different marriage in view for her; but the husband they chose for her was a Protestant, and she would not have him; preferring poverty with the man of her own choice. As I have often told you, my dear, though I think you are apt to forget, Loraine was not a dancing-master, nor anything of that description. Nor was he a Frenchman, though I dare say that his ancestors came originally from France."

"His ancestors! What next!" exclaimed Mrs. Venn, with supreme scorn.

"Well, my dear," replied her husband nervously, "I said ancestors, because you know Loraine must have been descended from somebody."

"Very well, Augustine, we will waive that point. Pray go on with your interesting information."

"I assure you that he was a gentleman," continued Mr. Venn, "and though an artist, he painted only for his own amusement before his marriage. But he was poor—terribly poor. I never knew till too late what distressing circumstances they were in during the earlier part of their married life. They wandered about in England and abroad, living upon what he could earn with his pencil; but I fear that sometimes they and the poor children had not enough to eat. Poor Joanna, she and her husband want no more, and the boy is provided for; but, my dear, I do not want to hurt your feelings by acting against your wishes, but I do want to offer a home to Jenny."

"And to the son, too, I presume."

"Why, you know very well, my dear, that he has taken vows in religion."

"Oh, that would be quite immaterial. He will throw all

that over as soon as he hears that he has a comfortable home to come to."

"Very well," replied Mr. Venn, with a humorous twinkle in his eye not often seen there; "if he does, I will promise not to receive him."

"Oh, but that girl!" cried Mrs. Venn, rising to her feet. "Cannot you see, or are you too infatuated to see, how adopting her will spoil the chances of your own girls? Here am I toiling and slaving, day after day, night after night, in this hot weather and stifling London atmosphere, in order to give all the advantages in my power to Freda and Maud. There is Bertha ready to come out next year, and Magdalen coming on;—and here are you, having no regard for my feelings, and bringing another girl into the house, expecting me to toil and slave for her, too. It is hard enough, I can tell you, under any circumstances, to fight an uphill fight and try to marry off Roman Catholic girls, without adding another to my burden. It is too bad!" And as she spoke, her severe features assumed a feminine pout.

"I want nothing but a home for the child," responded Mr. Venn. "I assure you, my dear, that I have no desire that you should labour to find a husband for her. My duty to my sister would forbid it, lest you should succeed in marrying her as you married our poor Edith."

"Augustine!" exclaimed his wife, and it was wonderful what an amount of reproach and sense of injury she contrived to put into that single word.

"Well, well, Ella," he resumed hastily, ready to beat a retreat, for he was alarmed by his own boldness in alluding to the one domestic incident which hung like a black veil between this ill-assorted couple. "Then we will look on that as a settled matter, shall we not? I will write at once to Fiesole, and ask them to arrange for Jenny's journey."

"Oh, of course," replied Mrs. Venn. She spoke ironically, but the truth was that she was at a loss what step to take next, in order to avert the action she dreaded. She was so accustomed to prompt submission on the part of her husband, that when it became necessary to coerce him, she scarcely knew how to set about it. Therefore, she took the line of being injured. "Of course, Augustine," she said, "if, in spite of my wishes, you insist on doing this, it must be done. You are master here, and of course your will is always law! So I will say no more. I know

that my peace and comfort and the welfare of your own children are very secondary considerations with you." And with real tears of injured pride in her eyes, Mrs. Venn stalked out of the room, not neglecting to shut the door behind her with a loud bang.

"What a woman it is," Mr. Venn chuckled gently to himself, as he returned to his study, and sat down at his writing-table. There was a twinkle in his eye which might have convinced the beholder that under happier and less oppressive circumstances he would not have been the poor, spiritless creature which even his best friends had to admit him to be. "Poor thing, poor Ella," he added, with a sigh, "it is hard on her, and she dearly loves her own way. I don't like thwarting her, for it is little enough that I can do for her happiness, or her good either."

He proceeded to write his letters without loss of time, knowing by long experience that his wife would return to the charge before long with renewed vigour. The tender tone which breathed through his letter to his niece,—though he had not seen her since early childhood,—might have surprised his own children, towards whom circumstances had closed a whole side of his character. His heart yearned towards this stranger-niece for her mother's sake. As a boy he had loved his sister Joanna with a strong love; and she, older than he and vigorous in character, had cherished him, and had drawn forth all that was best in his weak but blameless nature. He had never opened his heart to anyone but her; and since her marriage and his consequent separation from her, he had shrunk more and more into himself under the influence of his chilling and unsympathetic surroundings.

It was well for him that he had been so prompt with his arrangements for his niece, for, as he had surmised, his wife had by no means yielded the point. She was but waiting until her husband's outburst of self-will had expended itself, and he should have returned to his normal state of submission. When, however, only an hour after her interview with him, she marched into his room, prepared to annihilate him and quench all resistance, she found that the letter summoning Joan Loraine to her uncle's home had already been written and posted. It would have been far easier to prevent the writing of that letter than to effect its recall. So, full of feelings of impotent anger, Mrs. Venn had, for about the third time in her married life, to own herself baffled.

Augustine Venn belonged to an old Catholic family, the genealogy of which could be clearly traced back through the dark days of the English Reformation into the dimmer centuries which preceded it. Some of his ancestors had suffered for the faith both in person and property under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; and those who did not suffer for it neither disgraced it nor abandoned it. Persecution agreed with the Venn temperament, and called forth the finer qualities latent in the race; but the dreary penal centuries which followed, with their crushing, disheartening disabilities, bereft of excitement, did not agree with them so well. The more nominal the penal laws became, the less noble were the Venns of Brookethorpe; and each fresh generation which sprang up was more lukewarm and time-serving than the last. This worldly and degenerate spirit culminated in Augustine's father and mother, both descendants of the same stock.

Far from being proud of what was noblest and worthiest in their race, they were practically ashamed of their faith, and regarded it more as a calamity than as a glory. Confiscations and fines had created a poverty which galled these children of confessors. Penury and obscurity ate the life and hope out of them, and the penal disabilities which cast a shadow over Catholics, and practically branded them long after the laws ceased to be in force, fretted them and filled them with an unreasonable sense of shame. Mr. Venn suffered and winced, and abjectly made up to the powers that were, hopelessly pining for preferment and public position, which, under existing circumstances, could never be his. This made him irritably irate with those Catholics who manfully stood out against selling themselves and their principles to the Government, and who, as he thought, undid by their extreme views all the good which he and other time-servers had been patiently trying to effect. While discontent and worldliness took with him the form of futile rebellion against the inevitable, with his wife it took one more practical, and she planned the not very original scheme of building up the fortunes of the family by the marriage of their son Augustine to an heiress. It was, of course, almost a necessity that the heiress should be a Protestant; but Mrs. Venn, having weighed the whole matter carefully and thoughtfully, decided to her own complete satisfaction that, all things considered, this would not signify. It so happened that there was an heiress ready to hand, on whom, in fact,

Mrs. Venn had built her scheme. A retired speculator, Biddulph by name, had purchased a property near Brooke-thorpe, and by so doing had become the owner of most of the acres which had formerly belonged to the Venn estate. His wealth was estimated at something very considerable, and his only daughter was heiress to all his possessions. It was to owning Ella Biddulph as a daughter-in-law that Mrs. Venn dared to aspire.

When she divulged her scheme to her husband he was for the moment shocked. His family pride and his adherence to the religion of his forefathers were strangely interwoven, and the notion of a Protestant marriage for his son offended either his pride or principles—which of them he was not quite sure. However, the general bent of his life had not been such as to foster a spirit of sacrifice to any principle whatever; and in a short time he was as keenly bent on the project as his wife. A little investigation elucidated the fact that Mr. Biddulph would not be at all averse from the plan. He had wealth, but it was too brand new to suit his taste; and he valued ancestry almost more than money. The antiquity of the Venn family, even the shattered state of their fortunes and the dilapidated condition of their old manor-house and estate attracted him; and he acquired quite a respect for their historical religion as part and parcel of the venerable decay. He, therefore, would raise no objections to the match, and there remained to be considered only the two principal parties concerned—his handsome self-willed daughter, and their own son Augustine.

His father and mother scarcely considered him, so certain were they that he would fall into their views—which, for better for worse, he did, after a brief time of hesitation, during which he suffered acute mental agony, and almost tearfully longed for his absent sister Joanna to advise him. He had more piety in his composition than either his father or grandfather, but he had even less strength of character than they, and bore the aspect of one destined to be the last of his dwindling race. But he was good, and not a stain could his worst enemy—had such a one existed—have discovered in his past career; and it was his gentle goodness which won the heart of headstrong Ella Biddulph, and made her ready to comply with her father's wishes. She had scornfully rejected the addresses of about a dozen men, his superiors in every respect both physically and mentally; but she married Augustine, being sincerely attached to

him, and, in spite of all the tyranny she exercised over him, she remained, in her way, attached to him to the end.

With her wealth, and strong, masterful character, Mrs. Augustine Venn gained complete ascendancy in the house, and had her own way in everything—save one. With quiet, placid obstinacy, and in spite of his wife's storms and rages, Mr. Venn had each of his seven children, his two sons and his five daughters, baptized as Catholics, and brought up, at least nominally, as such. Mrs. Venn, whose Protestantism was as strong as everything else about her, rebelled against this, for though she knew very well that her husband was but acting in accordance with promises made to him both by herself and her father, she had not realized their force until they were put into effect. But she was an honourable woman, and, much as she disliked the religion and resented being thwarted, and paramount as was her influence over her children, she never exercised it, or took any active measures to win them over to her own way of thinking. However, though she could not, or rather would not, make them Protestants, she did her utmost to make them as little Catholic as possible. In this she acted, as she thought, conscientiously, for she had a conviction that her children's religion was bound to stand in their way in life, and the weaker she could make it, the less mischievous would it be.

About thirty years of married life had rolled on in this way. The course of these years had thrust them very far apart in their interests, although the keenest busybody would have failed to find any outward breach in the harmony of their married life. Being possessed of the wealth of the establishment, Mrs. Venn, with the children whom she governed, led a gaudy, brilliant existence, lavishing her money on all that could make it pleasant and successful. At the same time, she was not by any means neglectful of what she called "the other side of things;" she attended her parish church regularly on Sundays, and spent really a considerable part of her superfluities in alms, principally through the medium of subscription lists. Her name, moreover, figured as president of more than one charitable society, and her fluent tongue was quite ready to plead the cause of the deserving poor. These, and all other such duties, were, however, avowedly subordinate to that of getting her children on in the world, according to her special interpretation of the term.

Mr. Venn, who had not strength of mind sufficient to stem

the tide of a mode of life with which he had no sympathy, utilized all his poor strength in separating himself from it, and led a solitary life in a corner of what was called his own house. In spite of his gentleness and amiability, the position he held of being a pensioner on his wife's generosity deeply humiliated him. But he turned his humiliation to good account, and was driven by it and the pain caused by the downward, worldly tendency of his family, which he was powerless to resist, to a life of prayer. His thoughtless children would have been amazed had they known what hours their gentle father spent on his knees praying for them.

Great as was Augustine Venn's present state of bondage, his wife's ascendancy over him was not as complete as it had been at first. Two family calamities, the outcome of his own weakness, had overtaken him; and, though possibly irremediable, had roused within him all that was left of manhood and energy. In the earlier days of his married life, when he was more or less indifferent as well as weak, he had consented to his eldest son, a handsome and attractive boy, the pride of his mother's heart, being brought up at a Protestant public school; the arrangement being made, though not faithfully carried out, that he should go to Mass on Sundays. The result of this experiment was that Neville,—rich, handsome, and gifted, but fatally weak,—practically lost his faith, was thrown among bad companions, fell into evil ways, and wound up his vicious course by some dishonourable scrape which disgraced him in the eyes of the world. He lived abroad, where no one knew except his mother, whose heart was well-nigh broken by her favourite son's disgrace, though she idolized him more than ever. She never uttered his name, nor did she suffer it to be mentioned in her presence; for the only way in which she could endure her pain was by burying it in silence. Nevertheless, every child and servant in the house knew that she suffered; and it was an accepted fact with her children that she loved Neville's little finger more than their whole bodies.

About the same time, Edith, the eldest girl, with whose education her mother had almost her own way, made a brilliant Protestant marriage. Her husband, Sir Grantley Chetwynd, would not think of agreeing to any conditions as to the religion of either his wife or children; so, in spite of all her father could say, Edith was married to him in a Protestant church, with no conditions at all. Augustine Venn was never quite the same

man afterwards ; for he knew but too well that a little more firmness and resolution on his part would have averted the calamity. As it was, his wife discovered that she had not her own way with the remaining children as completely as before. Swithin, the second son, for whom his father dreaded any contact with the outer world, was brought up entirely at home, receiving, it must be admitted, little or no education ; while the younger girls grew up with at least a distinct idea that they were Catholics, and looked on life from a slightly different point of view from that taken by poor Edith.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a few weeks later, about half-past six one May morning, that Joan Loraine arrived at her uncle's house in Eaton Place. Physically depressed by the effects of a long night journey and rough sea-crossing, she was very sensitive to the chilling and dreary welcome to the house, which was virtually empty, full though it in reality was of sleeping inmates. She was conducted upstairs by the very shy housemaid to whom her reception had been delegated, who, after making a mechanical offer of a cup of tea, which Joan felt that she was not expected to accept, and expressing a well-intentioned hope that she would rest till breakfast-time, left her alone with her trunk.

Sitting down, looking at her box, Joan contemplated the situation to the accompaniment of the clatter of the morning evolutions in the paved mews over which her bed-room window looked. She was a valiant girl, and faced her life in its present aspect with the same courage she had shown on every occasion, from the time when as a little girl she had gone supperless to bed because there was no supper in the house for anybody, down to that humiliating period but recently passed through, when she had outgrown her position of a convent school-girl, and had been given to understand pretty plainly that her room would be preferable to her company. However, the forlornness of her welcome to her uncle's home was so great as well-nigh to dissolve all the valour in her composition ; and had she been one whit different from what she was, she would have sat down and cried. Being what she was, she set herself resolutely to unpack her trunk, seeking to nerve herself by manual work

to confront, in all its dreary reality, this new life to which she had for weeks looked forward with smothered excitement.

Joan Loraine's training had been no ordinary one. Following the vicissitudes of her parents' fortunes, she had spent the first fifteen years of her life in a vagrant sort of way, owning no home, and no little possessions on which a child's happiness roots itself. She rarely spent many months in one place, and was as superficially acquainted with France, Germany, and Italy, as with her own country. For all that, her young life had been quiet and uneventful, and even the extreme poverty to which her parents were reduced in the days of her early childhood struck her as nothing out of the common, though probably it undermined the health of both her father and mother. For fifteen years she led the sobering life of an only child, broken by the rare holidays of her brother, who was ten or twelve years older than herself, and whom she worshipped, but with whom she could never be intimate. She could indeed have counted the times in her life when they had been together; for his education had been accomplished under difficulties; and while he was pursuing his studies in one part of Europe, his parents and little sister were struggling for existence in another. Nevertheless, her life was a happy one. She took pleasures and duties as they came to her, depending for them on the engagements of her parents; and she neither knew nor cared for excitement. Her father and mother loved her without making much show of their affection; though anxiety for their children caused the only sting that their poverty possessed. They were so entirely absorbed in each other—their love retaining to the end the romantic character which had made them marry in spite of all obstacles—that there was a great deal of unconscious loneliness in the little girl's life, which threw her on herself and her own resources for her interests and pursuits.

When she was fifteen, having reached an age when the eyes of her mind were ready to be opened, and when life and all its possibilities were lying in wait for her, her parents died within a few weeks of one another; and all was changed. Before she had recovered from the shock of their death, this girl, who had never lived for more than a few months at a time in any one place, and whose innocent, guarded life had been as free as a bird's, found herself shut up in a convent school at Fiesole, which had opened its doors to shelter her

during the first days of her helpless orphanhood—and there, by the liberality of her uncle, she had been housed and educated ever since.

The life might have been a very depressing one, and many girls would have pitied themselves, but self-pity was not the bent of Joan Loraine's mind. The whole course of her early training had tended to develop the realities of life and destroy its morbidities. She had grown up under the eye of a mother in whose veins the blood of confessors ran strong, and whose influence, by always inclining in the direction of self-restraint and courage, had drawn out all that was valiant in little Joan's character. Moreover, the early years of her childhood, when actual existence had been a struggle, had given reality and perspective to her views of life. Starvation and homelessness were possibilities too real to be concealed from the child; and though the pressure of real want had been removed for some time before the death of Mr. and Mrs. Loraine, a sober tone had been given to the lives of both Joan and her brother Francis, which, while it banished all thoughts of searching for or living for pleasure from her mind, had formed the material on which was built up the fervent religious vocation of the boy.

In spite of its patent dreariness, Joan made the best of her new life, and really found a good deal of happiness in the unbroken years she spent at school. The nuns were kind and affectionate to her, and she responded to their attentions, and made real through transitory friends of her schoolfellows. She thought too little about herself to be over-sensitive to the anomalous position which she had latterly filled, and from which her uncle's invitation rescued her. The education given at the convent was good, and Joan loved learning. She, therefore, imbibed a good deal from the teaching given, and gained still more by reading and re-reading the few solid and somewhat profound books contained in the school library. How long this acceptance of things as they were would have gone on can only be conjectured. Probably she had reached the limit of the possibilities of her present life, and was unconsciously pining for liberty and a larger world; for, from the moment she received her uncle's invitation, her heart expanded and her spirits rose, and she was filled with an excitement which surprised those who knew her. She was still under the influence of this pleasurable excitement when she entered

Mr. and Mrs. Venn's house under the circumstances described above.

Having finished her unpacking, Joan sat down in her comfortless and noisy little bed-room, and was able to laugh at herself for having wasted so much time in building castles in the air; for she shrewdly realized that far from having entered an earthly paradise, it would take all her fortitude to endure the life before her.

After what seemed to her a lifetime spent in that noisy, soot-bedecked little upper-chamber, a stately lady's maid appeared and conducted her downstairs to the breakfast-room, where her uncle and his family were already assembled; and there the welcome given to her by her relatives was almost more chilling than had been the want of it. For a long, long time the memory of that first day in Eaton Place was like a nightmare to her. Poor Mr. Venn, miserably nervous, and previously upset by a stormy scene with his wife, occasioned by the arrival of Joan, could scarcely gather himself together sufficiently to greet his niece; and, after he had welcomed her tremulously and kissed her shyly, retired, leaving her to the care of her aunt and cousins. Mrs. Venn, whose pride made her resent the very presence of the girl, treated her with a marked frigidity, which it took Joan many days to explain to herself.

Her cousins, with no wilful unkindness or conscious selfishness, but worn out by their life of ceaseless pleasure-hunting and more immediately by the fact that they had not been in bed till the small hours of that particular morning, had no leisure of heart to bestow any thought on their stranger cousin. Their nerves were on edge with excitement and fatigue, they were harassed and driven by the multiplicity of little things which had to be done in connection with past, present, and future social engagements, and they found time too short to spare any for acts of mere kindness and friendliness. Joan, therefore, spent the whole of that glaring, dusty, noisy May day in being chased from one person to another, vainly trying to make herself useful, although shown by everybody as plainly as was compatible, or incompatible, with politeness that she was very much in the way. The only scrap of human kindness which she received was from her youngest cousin Magdalen, a pale, large-eyed child, who gazed wonderingly and almost

compassionately at her; and from the little girl's governess, a kind-hearted, and nominally Catholic, French girl.

Joan was, in reality, very much in the position of a young crab, which has just cast its first shell for a new and larger one. Perhaps the little creature had been looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the change and promotion to a more advanced stage of existence; but, if so, it is disillusioned when the fact is accomplished, and the most careless observer can see that it is miserable, and that its one and only desire is to conceal its promotion and hide itself and its new soft shell under some friendly bunch of seaweed. Thus it was with poor Joan, when she found herself exposed to the selfish hustle and bustle of her uncle's London house. She felt a sick longing for some hiding-place wherein to bury herself; and had she been but little better than a crab, she would—to the immense relief of every one—have locked herself into her smutty little bed-room, and choked down in secret the bitter tears of wounded hopes which welled up within her. As it was, she valiantly faced her life, and no one ever guessed how very miserable she was.

That evening, Mr. and Mrs. Venn and the second unmarried daughter, Maud, the beauty of the family, were dining out; and Joan, with Freda and her two younger sisters, Bertha and Magdalen, and Mademoiselle Bertrand had a nondescript meal together. When it was finished, Mademoiselle and the two younger girls retired to the school-room to have a game of cards, while Freda and her cousin pulled their chairs to the wide-open window of the drawing-room.

"Well, Joan," said Freda. The words themselves were little enough, but there was something more human in the tone of them than in any others that the forlorn girl had heard spoken that day. "Oh, dear!" she went on, "this is nice and quiet,"—words the truth of which Joan could not endorse, for the ceaseless roar of cabs and carriages rolling past the house simply bewildered her. "Now, Joan, sit down quietly, and tell me all about yourself."

"No," replied Joan, quickly. "It must be the other way; for if this is to be my home, I must know something about somebody. Everything has been such a rush to-day that I have thought myself quite clever even to put names to you all."

"I suppose it does seem rather a rush to you, now that I come to think of it," responded her cousin. "It was very stupid

of me not to have looked after you more. I am so sorry ; but there is no use in saying so now. Well, what do you want to know about us ? Everything, I suppose. Let me see ; where am I to begin ? Never mind, here goes ! First, there is papa—poor papa !”

“Why poor ?” was Joan’s not unnatural question.

“Because—because, why I suppose because he is nothing to nobody ; and so sat upon by mama.”

Joan did not even smile, which was evidently the least that her cousin expected ; for the tone of the latter jarred on her. Freda, who was intended by nature to be nothing more and nothing less than a stout, kind-hearted, unselfish, and commonplace girl, had, by dint of the constant necessity of making herself agreeable in society, overlaid her natural want of brilliancy by a veneer of smart conversation, which too often degenerated into a critical and uncharitable tone that found no echo whatever in her really kind heart.

She felt the tacit rebuke of her cousin’s silence, and went on a little peevishly : “You’ll know all about it soon enough, so you need not look shocked. But to go on : then there is mama—now what shall I tell you about her ?”

“But I do not want your opinion of your father and mother at all. Go on and tell me about the others and yourself.”

“All right, that is much easier. But I must tell it to you in my own way ; so don’t snub me, or be shocked at anything I say. Of course I don’t know you, but I have a horrible suspicion that you may be a shockable person ; and if so, we shall not get on at all. Well, first there is Neville. You will not be troubled much by him, for he lives abroad, and never comes near us. But stop a minute ; that reminds me that I must tell you about our names. Papa wanted all his children to have Christian names, but mama liked family names. I don’t know how they settled the matter between them, for it was before I was born. Anyhow, some compromise was made, for the boys have two names each, one mama’s and the other papa’s. So they are Neville Bede and Kennedy Swithin. Mama, who was always wrapped up in Neville, managed somehow to get rid of the Bede, and he is to all intents and purposes only Neville. But, on the other hand, Swithin has contrived to get rid altogether of the Kennedy, and is only Swithin. Mama doesn’t care what he is. He is ugly and stupid, and she doesn’t like him.”

"Don't say that sort of thing," put in Joan.

"There you go," retorted Freda. "I must tell my story in my own way, or not at all; so don't be virtuous if you want me to go on."

Joan laughed, for there was something in Freda's manner which belied the audacity of her words, and made her cousin believe that her bark might be worse than her bite.

"Well," resumed Freda, "so much for the boys. Mama did not so much mind what we girls were called, as we could not well have family names; so, as you have perceived, we have all got more or less Christian names. Very well, there is an end of that subject, and now to begin again. First, as I said before, comes Nevile. He always was a bad boy; but I don't know what is wrong with him. He has done a lot of horrid things, I believe, and he can't come to England. We don't talk about him, for mama can't bear to have his name mentioned, though she loves him more than all the rest of us put together. Swithin is only nineteen. You will see him to-night, I think, for he has been away for a day or two, fishing at Brookethorpe. He goes there whenever he can, and he has nothing else to do. Papa is so frightened of the world for him that he will not let him try for any profession; and he loafs away his time, reading novels and playing with his dogs. He is a stupid sort of a hobbledohoy, but I dare say he will brighten up in time. He has never had much chance, poor boy, and has never been to school."

Freda paused, and then resumed her account in a different and more serious tone: "Edith, my eldest sister, married Sir Grantley Chetwynd."

"He is a Protestant, is he not?" asked Joan.

"Yes," replied Freda, "and poor Edith herself is little better. I am sorry to say that it was a real Protestant marriage, in a Protestant church; and the children have all been baptized Protestants. They are still quite little things, but that makes no difference."

"And Edith herself?"

"I don't quite know what she does. I believe she goes to church with Sir Grantley. She says she doesn't care; but she does not look happy, though she says she is. Poor papa is really unhappy about her. He will not have her to stay at Brookethorpe with us; though he cannot prevent her from coming here to see mama; and she and her husband sometimes

dine here at dinner-parties. Papa and mama have grand rows about it, but he will not give in. I think that it is almost the only thing that he has put down his foot about. Now, don't be virtuous, but let me go on. I come next, and I must leave you to judge for yourself about me. Then comes Maud, the beauty. You would scarcely believe it, but I am really rather frightened about her, for mama is so keen about her making a grand match; and she herself would like it too, I think. Swithin follows, and then comes Bertha, who, as you will have seen, is not quite out yet, but will, I suppose, come out in the autumn. She is simply dying for the time to come: she has no other thought on earth. Then, last of all comes poor little Magdalen. She is a delicate little mortal, and is quite swamped in the crowd, poor little girl. Papa and she seem to understand each other, which is a good thing. Mama is mad at the thought of having four unmarried daughters; and if Maud does not marry soon, I don't know what we shall do; for when Bertha comes out there will be three of us, and poor I shall quite go to the wall."

"You do not always live here in London, do you?" asked Joan, on whom her cousin's conversation had a strangely bewildering and wearying effect, and who was anxious to change the subject.

"Oh, no," replied Freda, "we live for quite six months every year at Brookethorpe, not far from the sea. It is an awfully jolly place, though rather dull sometimes. It is a real old family place, with a dried-up moat, and a dark hole they call the priest's hiding-place. It has quite a history, which Swithin will put you up to when we get there, for he is awfully fond of the place and hunts up everything about it. It has been sequestered twice, I think, and handed over to some apostate branch of the family, but it always found its way back again, and has been for nearly two hundred years in the hands of the Catholic Venns. They stuck to the faith all right, but they kept it rather to themselves, gave no trouble, and so were left in peace."

"They were very poor, were they not?"

"Oh, yes. They lost a lot by fines and that sort of thing; but some of them were extravagant as well. I think the Venns are. Nevile lost I don't know how much money; but mama never minded how much she paid for him. Our great-grandfather mortgaged everything he could, and the house nearly fell

to pieces for want of repairs. But mama—she is awfully rich, you know—has had it all patched up and put to rights, and has cleared off a lot of debt. She has done a lot, and has re-furnished the whole house. Swithin is wild with her, and it must be confessed that the Tottenham Court Road furniture and white and gold do not go very well with the old Tudor surroundings. However, Swithin is a bit of a goose, and always finds fault with whatever mama does ; but I suppose I must not say that, or you will turn virtuous. There was a chapel—a dear, quaint chapel—just over the priest's hiding-place, but mama got papa to shut it up soon after they married. It is a pity, for now we have to go a good mile to Mass. Oh!" she cried, changing her tone, as the door opened, "here is Swithin, and of course Magdalen and the dogs."

A tall, ungainly boy—for there was nothing about him that betokened manhood—with large loose joints, came in, and, prompted by Freda, extended a big red hand to his new cousin. Magdalen hung on his coat-tails, silent as usual ; while two white fox-terriers, rejoicing in the names of "Brag" and "Swagger," danced noisily round him, making door-mats of themselves at his feet, almost wriggling themselves out of their skins, and making themselves as absolutely ridiculous as they knew how, to prove the self-abandonment of their love for their master. Swithin turned eagerly to silence the dogs, delighted to find an excuse for not talking to the stranger, and then, with an almost unintelligible growl, which implied an intention of getting some supper, he retreated, followed by his three satellites.

"There's a bear for you!" said Freda, looking vexed and apologetic. "He is not always quite as bad as that, and you will really like him better when he is less shy of you."

"I like him already," was Joan's reply, for she felt her heart instinctively drawn to this despised and ungainly cousin.

Reviews.

I.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. IGNATIUS.¹

IT is a curious coincidence that after an interval of nearly three centuries and a half since the death of the founder of the Society of Jesus, two English versions of the document, called in the one case the "Testament," in the other the "Autobiography," of St. Ignatius Loyola should appear almost simultaneously. The former translation, which is due to the pen of E. M. Rix, has already been noticed in these pages. The latter comes to us from America, and the translator's name is not given. It is, however, stated that the editor is Father J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J., who contributes a short preface. The external appearance of the book, which is embellished by several illustrations, most of them copies of Gagliardi's frescoes, reflects much credit on the publishers, Messrs. Benziger. We wish we could think as well of the kernel as we do of the shell; but sooth to say the translator's work leaves much to be desired. No doubt it is intended for popular reading, and under these circumstances, the writer may have thought that accuracy about minor points would be a work of supererogation, but even in a popular book we must protest against the carelessness with which the text of this important document has often been handled. Thus in the preface of Gonzalez, Father Natalis is represented as urging him to importune St. Ignatius to continue the dictation of his memoirs. "In no other way," Natalis is made to say, "can you do more good to the Society, for this is fundamentally the Society." The Latin for this last clause is *hoc esset vere fundare societatem*, i.e., this would be truly to found or endow the Society. Again (p. 108), we are told that St. Ignatius sought to enter an Order "where the primitive fervour had *not* relaxed." The *not* has been inserted by the translator. The text states, and indeed the fact is well known, that St. Ignatius had formed the strange

¹ *The Autobiography of St. Ignatius*. Edited by J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. New York, &c. : Benziger.

design of entering an Order in which discipline had decayed, with the object of leading the Religious back to the paths of strict observance. Wherever the translator comes across a passage which causes him difficulty, he either leaves it out, or gives a loose and inaccurate paraphrase. For this or some other reason, there are places where ten or twelve lines of the original are omitted *en bloc* (see, *e.g.*, pp. 94, 95). Lastly, it should be noted that the book is disfigured by numerous, and often rather serious misprints. Thus, on p. 156 we find Father Watrigant, the author of a most important modern work on the history of the Spiritual Exercises, figuring as Watragan. On the same page, we have *Cominbricenses* and *Gaudier*. In one or two instances we cannot quite make out whether we are confronted with a misprint or an Americanism, *e.g.*, "we are wont to talk familiarly about divine things with some, in much the same as after dinner we converse with our host." (p. 100.) Still even with these drawbacks we do not believe that this wonderful record of the hidden workings of grace in a soul of such heroic mould can fail either to interest or to profit those who may peruse it.

2.—A DAY IN THE CLOISTER.¹

The impression that monks must needs be "lazy monks," which used to be in undisturbed possession of the popular mind, has yielded very generally to the wider knowledge and more reflective temperament of the present age. There still remains, however, for many persons a genuine difficulty in conceiving, combined with a genuine desire to know, what the nature of the monk's occupations may be, and how they can constitute a life which is really liveable for human beings of like heart and mind with themselves. It was, therefore, a happy idea of Dom Bede Camm to provide us with this vivid picture of the outer and inner life of a Benedictine Abbey which is contained in his *Day in the Cloister*. It is not indeed an original work, as on the other hand it is not a mere translation. It is an adaptation to the tastes of English readers of a German work by Dom Sebastian von Oer, O.S.B., of the Abbey of Beuron, the adaptation, as the Preface explains, being chiefly in the way of shortening and making less didactic Dom Sebastian's text.

The author introduces us to an imaginary abbey, so as to

¹ *A Day in the Cloister*. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Sands and Co.

exclude the personal element, but describes the life as he has personal experience of it, after a preliminary warning that a certain latitude is left by the Rule for varieties of work and custom in different monasteries. It is this flexibility of the Benedictine Rule which has enabled it to retain its influence over so many centuries and countries. The reader is made to approach the Abbey in its secluded valley, noting the lay-brothers at their work in the field. He then knocks at the gate, is hospitably welcomed, and introduced into the Cloisters. It is evening, and he accompanies the monks to Compline, and, after their interval of sleep, to the Night Office. In the morning, after Meditation, and Prime, he is taken to the cells of the monks, then to the Abbot and the officials of the Monastery; and after the High Mass, to the refectory, the sacristy, the school of art, the novitiate, the library, the workshops, the farm. Thus in an easy manner the entire life is set before his eyes, and he discovers that it resembles the life of the factory in its busy activity, its order and regularity, as much as it differs from the same in the tranquil calm which pervades it. Nor does the author confine himself to a mere description of the externals. At each stage in the visitor's course advantage is taken to expound to him the motive of the various offices and employments, and the inner spirit in which they are done. Thus the little volume becomes not a mere guide to a monastery, but a little devotional treatise from which the reader may learn many spiritual lessons, useful to him not merely in enlisting his admiration for the religious life of the monks, but likewise as suggesting much which he can turn to his own spiritual profit; for the life of the cloister differs from the life of Christians out in the world, not in kind, but only in so far as it seeks to carry out more resolutely the precepts and counsels prescribed or recommended to us all.

3.—RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE.¹

One effect of the frequency of divorces in the civil courts is that a confusion of ideas as to the nature of religious marriage has come to prevail even in the minds of many Catholics. Another effect of the same cause is that decrees of nullity are now more frequently solicited by Catholics from the ecclesi-

¹ *Le Mariage religieux et les procès de nullité.* Par A. Boudinhon. Paris : Lethielleux.

astical courts than was the case in former days. And this class of suits "are often the occasion of very unjust criticism and charges adverse to the Church and her tribunals." M. Boudinhon, in his little work, entitled *Le Mariage religieux et les procès de nullité*, has given a simple account of these two matters, such as may serve to rectify the false notions prevalent. He explains how, marriage being a contract, it is the contract itself which has been elevated to the religious order, and endowed with sacramental efficacy; and that the function of the Church in the administration of the rite is merely to sanction it by her presence, and communicate her blessing to the parties. It follows from this that the Church must claim the contract itself, being a sacrament, as belonging to her jurisdiction. The State, on the other hand, has doubtless her duties and consequent rights, in view of the important bearings of the marriage contract on civil life. But the State's lawful power is limited to the duty of attesting and registering lawful marriages, and prescribing what shall be their civil effects. If it presumes to touch the contract itself and to disregard the diriment impediments created by God or the Church, it does it at the risk of causing some of the marriages which it sanctions to be invalid in the sight of God. M. Boudinhon calls attention to this essential point, and explains the origin and purpose of the diriment impediments.

As regards decrees of nullity, it is most important to distinguish these from divorces. A divorce is an (impossible) attempt to dissolve a marriage which was previously binding. A decree of nullity is a declaration after investigation that some particular marriage never was a "valid" marriage, and that accordingly the parties, who may perhaps have lived together till then in good faith, must now separate, having learnt at last that they never were man and wife. These latter decrees are sometimes spoken of by historians as divorces, as, for instance, they talk of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Queen Catharine. But Henry never applied for a divorce, knowing well enough that it was out of the question, as the Church believed herself to be absolutely incapable of granting such a thing. He applied only for a decree of nullity. As has been said, M. Boudinhon finds that the multiplication of divorces in the civil courts has led to the multiplication of applications for decrees of nullity in the ecclesiastical courts. It is because, even when a cause of nullity

in a putative marriage is discovered, the parties if they wish can usually get the defect rectified by obtaining from the Holy See a dispensation from the impediment; and till recently this was more commonly done, the impossibility of getting a corresponding discharge from the civil tie deterring many from going further. Now people are more inclined to seek decrees of nullity from the Church, and patch up some motive for a divorce such as the civil courts in their laxity are likely to accept. The charge wont to be made against the Church authorities is that they give these decrees of nullity with scandalous laxity and in undeserving cases, and that the only explanation of their misconduct is that they view the matter merely as an opportunity of enriching themselves by the taxes levied on the parties. M. Boudinhon's answer is that the Church court cannot any more than the civil court take into account how far the parties are deserving or not of a sentence in their favour. The sole question they can consider is, Is the marriage valid or invalid? If the former, they are bound in conscience to require its observance; if the latter, then they are bound in conscience to require a separation of the parties. As for the charge of unscrupulousness in the mode of taking the evidence, there may have been much of it in former ages, though mainly in the local not the supreme courts, but the normal, and in present times, the invariable, character of these investigations is one of excessive severity, not laxity. As for the fees, in the first place, quite one half of the decrees of nullity issued are to the poor and are gratuitous; and when fees are charged they are very moderate, much more so than the fees payable in the divorce courts, and are fully justified by the necessity of providing for the maintenance of the officials of the courts.

In England also as well as France there are lay-Catholics who would be the better for some solid instruction on the nature of Catholic marriage, and to these M. Boudinhon's booklet may be recommended.

4.—THE LITANY OF LORETO.¹

We heartily congratulate M. l'Abbé Boudinhon on the excellent translation he has provided of Father de Santi's monograph on the Litany of Loreto. Italian books do not

¹ *Les Litanies de la Sainte Vierge.* Par A. de Santi, S.J. Traduit par l'Abbé A. Boudinhon. Paris, 1900.

find their way much into England. In its French dress this really valuable essay will be accessible to almost every one in this country likely to take interest in such subjects, and there are few topics with regard to which so many misconceptions have prevailed which need rectification. The idea, for instance, that the title *Auxilium Christianorum* was added to the litany by St. Pius V. in commemoration of the victory of Lepanto is sanctioned by the Lessons of the Roman Breviary, but Father de Santi shows it to be destitute of foundation. Still more fantastic is the belief propagated by Moroni and others that the Litany of Loreto can be traced back to the early ages of the Church. One of the principal conclusions which the author has established upon evidence not to be gainsaid is that the Litany of Loreto came into existence only in the second half of the sixteenth century. Father de Santi has done his work so thoroughly that he has left little for others to glean in the same field. The principal known forms of medieval and pre-Laurentian litanies of our Lady are printed at length in an appendix. We may note that the litany ascribed (but without sufficient justification) to St. Bonaventure, appeared in a Dutch translation, printed in Deventer in 1492, in a booklet called *Een suuerlick boecxken van onser liever vrouwen croen ende horen salter*, &c. Also, we think that the author is mistaken in saying that this same Litany of our Lady does not appear in the Italian version of St. Bonaventure's psalter. The British Museum copy, seemingly printed at Pavia in 1485, certainly contains it. Another litany, attributed to St. Bernard, is preserved in an *Onser liever vrouwen Souter*, printed at Antwerp about 1520.

5.—CATHOLIC MYSTICISM.¹

Mr. Algar Thorold's thoughtful and profoundly philosophical introduction to the selection he has made from the writings of Blessed Angela di Foligno, is perhaps the most valuable of his many contributions to the study of Catholic mysticism. Its abstruse character and somewhat "idealist" phraseology will deter the average reader, who desires the maximum of enlightenment at the minimum expenditure of thought; but those who have leisure and patience will find the essay, if not everywhere unimpeachable, yet stimulating and suggestive throughout.

¹ *Catholic Mysticism*. By Algar Thorold.

A contempt for the concrete and particular, with all its infinite complexity, was the characteristic of old-world science and philosophy, which saw greater reality and dignity in the abstractions most remote from things as they are. "Pure Being" from being the fullest and most concrete of all conceptions, was often misapprehended as the emptiest and most abstract. Hence religious mysticism often lapsed into Neoplatonic dreaming, and became associated with all that is unreal and impractical. But a better analysis of the experiences of such Saints as Teresa, John of the Cross, or, as here, of Blessed Angela of Foligno, shows us that the true mysticism is altogether concrete and practical, fully in touch with things as they are—the imperishable basis of all personal religion. To find God as the term of a philosophical deduction has a certain speculative interest; and may even secure a sort of intellectual *quietus*, which is a help to personal religion; but to find God as a concrete life and action mingled with our own, not less essential to the working of our mind and heart than air is to the action of our lungs—to apprehend His union with the soul dynamically, rather than statically—is the *sine qua non* and more than half the substance of personal religion.

This return from the abstract to the concrete, from the clouds to the solid earth, is characteristic of the modern mind, which now recognizes that the true value of general conceptions is to aid us to a better knowledge of concrete reality; that science is but a means to intuition and action, which ever deal with particulars; that the ultimate sameness to which it reduces all things by artificially closing its eyes, is not what we most wish to see; but rather their infinite otherness and inexhaustible diversity to which it furnishes an orderly method of approach. Truth is the equalling of mind to reality, and reality is not abstract, but concrete; not uniform, but endlessly various. To be acceptable to this newer fashion of thought, religion need not care less than formerly about its justification in this or that philosophical system, but it must by all means strive to show itself to be a factor of actual experience, to claim its place among the facts that go to make up man's inner life of thought and action; to prove itself not only a postulate of coherent action, but also a postulate, and not merely a product, of coherent thought.

In taking Blessed Angela as a theme, rather than some soul that went not astray, Mr. Thorold has done wisely; for the

clearest knowledge is by way of contrast; and we know the force of a principle better when we see it in slowly victorious conflict with its opposite.

6.—OXFORD CONFERENCES.¹

Grace was the theme of Father Raphael Moss's Oxford Conferences of 1899, and he returned to it again in the lectures given last spring, which are now published. This time it is of the more practical side of the doctrine of grace that he speaks; indeed, his subjects are really Faith, Prayer, Confession, Communion, Mass, Purgatory, Hell, and Heaven, only that he regards these doctrines in the light of the relation they bear to the Life of Grace. They are excellent Conferences, and are sure to be appreciated as they become known. Though the subjects are familiar, the author is thoroughly fresh in his mode of treatment, and has in mind the questions relating to them which naturally occur to a reflective mind. The instruction, too, is really helpful, and is assisted by apt comparisons, in which he seems very ready. It is difficult to select an illustration of Father Raphael's style without using up too much space, but we may quote the following passage in which he is explaining St. Thomas's answer to the difficulty that prayer supposes continual miracles. St. Thomas replies that "we do not pray in order to change God's arrangement of our lives, but rather to bring to pass that arrangement which God has decreed to bring to pass by means of our prayers." On which Father Raphael writes thus:

Look at the world of nature. Far from being a sort of register of hard and fast laws, each restricted in action and effect to one particular sphere, it is rather a marvellous union of forces working together on what we may call the principle of give and take. Forces which at one time seem to work together, at another show themselves in opposition; sometimes they combine to overcome a third, whilst at another they produce a state of equilibrium. There is a law by which a solid or a liquid suddenly converted into vapour must find room for its expansion and this it sometimes does with such terrific energy as to destroy the strongest obstacle. But the intellect of man has made that law subservient to his wants, and uses it to drive the locomotive or steamship, as well as for the more distinctive purposes of modern artillery. . . . If man's intelligence can bring one cause to bear on another, and so

¹ *Oxford Conferences, Hilary Term, 1899. Conferences on the Life of Grace.* By Father Raphael Moss, O.P. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

neutralize its effect, God knows the working of all causes in all orders, since He is the efficient cause of all, and moves them all. All the laws and all the powers and all the forces of the universe are in His hands, and hence He can employ causes which our ignorant folly would condemn as impotent, to bring about results our weakness judged to be impossible. A vast building is wrapped in darkness, and a little ignorant child stands frightened and helpless before the very key-board of the electric light. Its father comes in answer to its call, and unhesitatingly puts out his hand, and touches one of the ivory keys, and the whole place is flooded with light. It is only necessary to know which key to turn and to be able to reach it.

One criticism. Father Raphael somewhat spoils the persuasiveness of his reasoning by too frequently speaking of "our opponents," and characterizing them as persons whose objections are conspicuously irrational. Such a tone is apt to excite unnecessary opposition. The difficulties which move "our opponents" have, after all, something in them; indeed, were it not so, it would be superfluous to reply to them. It is surely better then to treat the difficulties as something objective which may naturally perplex any one, and then apply the remedies one knows of.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE time for the English Pilgrimage is fast approaching, and Mr. Charles Munich, the Vice-President of the Catholic Association, has provided a little *Pilgrim's Guide to Rome*, which may be found useful for those who are to form the party. It is a translation and partly an adaptation of a French Guide by the Abbé Laumonier, and is published by Messrs. Washbourne. A preface by M. Harmel, borrowed from the French edition, describes it as sufficing to "conduct the reader through the labyrinth of the streets of Rome with such detailed and precise explanations that he can pay his visits without asking any one for information." Needless to add that a map is added in which five distinct itineraries are marked out. There are also some directions for the different routes to Rome, and some accounts of the principal Italian cities.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have published *Hymns for Congregations, Convents, and Missions*, by Canon Coelenbier.

The forty hymns in this collection are all new, and are "offered to meet a want felt by many among the clergy of some hymns which combine dogma with prayer, rather than mere devotional sentiment, however pleasingly expressed." Judged by this standard alone it is a praiseworthy collection, for the ideas expressed are consistently sound and solid, but we doubt if it will take with congregations. There is a want of the life and glow which gives a hymn its peculiar power to move the heart.

Father William Buckley, of Carlisle, announces a *Hymn Book* which in one sense is not new, as the hymns and the tunes which it is to contain are those usually sung, but of which the special feature is that the musical notation of the air (but not of the accompaniment), is given as likely to facilitate congregational singing.

The Catholic Truth Society sends us three new publications. *The Gospel of St. Matthew* is a penny edition of the text, evidently the first of a series now beginning. The notes are not those usually found in editions of the Douay version, but are by Canon McIntyre, and are really clear and helpful, though by the necessity of the case not numerous. On the cover the reader is reminded of Leo XIII.'s recent grant of Indulgences to those who spend a quarter of an hour daily in reading the Scriptures. The Bishop of Clifton's second monthly number of *The Early History of the Church of God*, which is to be completed in twelve penny numbers, takes in the period from the foundation of the Church at Antioch to the preaching of St. Paul at Philippi and Antioch. The character of this useful series has been explained in a previous notice. *Nano Nagle* is an addition to the Biographical Series. It is the life of a brave worker of the last century in Ireland, whose work for the education of the poor, commenced under difficulties of which happily we have no longer experience, still lives in the flourishing Order of the Presentation.

Rosary Gems, by Miss H. M. Lushington (Washbourne), is a series of fifteen stories illustrating the lessons of the Fifteen Mysteries. The idea is, of course, common, but it is not always that the stories are such real helps towards the understanding of the Rosary devotion, and as such they may be recommended not only to young Catholics, for they are mostly stories about young people, but also to non-Catholics desirous of an insight into the character of a devotion the merely external aspect of which so perplexes them.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (September 5 and 20.)

Religious Art at the Paris Exhibition.—Enamels and Goldsmith's work. *H. Chérot*. The Psychology of Religious. *L. de Grandmaison*. A Guide to the Land of the Beautiful. *H. Belanger*. Symbolism in the Gospel of St John. *L. Méchineau*. Educational Matters. *J. Burnichon*. Protestant Action in France as judged by Protestants themselves. *E. Portalès*. Around the World at the Exhibition. *J. Brucker*. Science and the Fall of Man. *X. M. Le Bachelet*. Literary Review. *H. Bremond*. Tamil India. *P. Suau*. Recent Canon Law. *J. Besson*. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (September.)

Chu-en-aten.—A Reformer in Ancient Egypt. *S. Seydl*. The Duration of our Lord's Public Life. *E. Nagl*. Theism and Monism. *Dr. P. Kneib*. Wessel Gansfort's Life and Teaching. *Dr. N. Paulus*. The Maniple. *B. Kleinschmidt*, *O.F.M.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (September 1 and 15.)

The Political Awakening of the Yellow Races. Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino and the Republic of Venice. Supplementary Remarks on Hypnotism and Telepathy. A Year in Prison. Sandro Botticelli, the painter of Florence. *Salus Italiæ Pontifex*. The Stele in the Forum and its Archaic Inscription. The Blindness of the Liberal Party. The Present and the Past of Machinery as seen in the Paris Exhibition. The "Saints and Heroes" of Signora Coduri, in other words, the Saints are Saints no longer. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (September.)

Before the Parthenon. *Abbé Delfour*. Epicletus as a Director of Conscience. *J. P. Gound*. Dante Alighieri and the State of Society in his Days. *P. Fontaine*. Commentaries on the Book of Esther. *D. de Fontmayne*. The New Legislation on the Index. *R. Parayre*. Reviews, &c.

